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ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Payable in Advance

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Ind. REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor, REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 20 cents: \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Address *all literary* contributions, notices for insertion in the magazine, etc., to Editor THE GRAIL. Address *all business* letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the *old* and the *new* address.

Entered as second-class matter, May 23, 1919, at the Post Office at St. Meinrad, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 5, 1919.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES. Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

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ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP: Previously acknowledged: \$170.52. F. Smith, Mich., 1.00; J. Grasser, O., 1.00; N. N., Ind., 10.00; M. Hurtle, Ind., 10.00. Total: \$192.52.

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ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP: Previously acknowledged: \$71.75. J. Grasser, O., 1.00; A. Heilers, Ind., 2.00; N. N., Ill., 2.00. Total: \$76.75.

Address all letters and communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

The Grail

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE BENEDICTINES

With Episcopal Approbation

Volume 2

St. Meinrad, Indiana, July, 1920

Number 3

A Word to Our Readers

The Month of July

July reminds us of the great price that was paid for our redemption, for it is the month of the Precious Blood. How seldom do we call to mind what it cost our blessed Redeemer to cancel the enormous debt that we had contracted, to blot out the ugly stain of sin? Costly and precious, indeed, is that blood that washed our sins away, that reclaimed us from the servitude of Satan, that made us children of God. Yet, for our salvation, it is not sufficient that the Savior shed His every drop of blood for us, but that blood must be applied to our souls individually. His blood was first applied to us in holy Baptism, then in the sacrament of penance, and finally when we partook of the Holy Eucharist, which is His body and blood. Let us make ourselves ever more and more worthy of the Precious Blood of Jesus so that, cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb, we may follow Him whithersoever He goeth in the eternal pastures of Heaven.

July 2 calls to mind the visit that the Holy Mother of God made to the mother of John the Baptist, while the 16th reminds us of the love and the tender mercies of Mary for us poor children of Eve. The scapular feast ought to be dear to each of us. Has not Mary promised that, if we die vested in her scapular, we shall escape the torments of Hell? July 22 is the feast of the penitent Mary Magdalen. We are all sinners and need penance. Tears and penitential works will draw down the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus upon us.

Disappointments

This is a time of delays and disappointments. Occasionally express arrives in seasonable time, but freight is well nigh out of the question. Even the mails are frequently delayed, and letters and parcels are lost. Besides, the print shop has also to contend with scarcity of paper for printing. Recently our business manager visited three of the larger cities in search of paper. He was able to get enough to last for several

months only.—Inadequate equipment is another cause of delay. A much needed self-feeder for our press, and a reliable folder, are two machines for which we have been waiting these many moons. When added to our plant, these machines will greatly facilitate matters and help us, we trust, to get our paper out on time.—Our subscription list is increasing from 7000 to 8000 per month. The July number will be about 60,000 copies. We are laboring under great difficulties. To expedite affairs somewhat, we sent a truck to Chicago to bring the machinery that the freight trains should have brought us long ago. We trust that relief may soon be in sight so that we can give our patrons better service. In the meantime, the soft pedal, please.

The Catholic Federation of Arts

The Rev. P. Raphael, O. S. B., of St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., is fostering a movement for the establishment of a Catholic Federation of Arts. The purpose of this Federation and the preliminary work of organization will be found on another page of THE GRAIL. It is Father Raphael's desire to gather into a federation, after the manner of the guilds of the Middle Ages, all who are engaged or interested in erecting and beautifying the house of God. Among these are architects, mural painters, sculptors, altar builders, lace makers, and workers in metal, stained glass, and mosaics. A federation of this kind would be to the interest not only of the individuals composing it, but also of society at large. It would encourage real art and cultivate in our people a taste for art. How few of our people can appreciate art! Let us hope that an organization may be effected and that it may be established on a firm basis.

As the angel of destruction passed by all houses of the Israelites without doing them harm, because he found them sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, so the devil passes by us when he beholds within us the Blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.—St. Chrysostom.

The Noblest Quest

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

ONE of the famous creations of the devout mediaeval mind is the legend of the Holy Grail. According to some versions of the story the Grail is the holy cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper. According to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the greatest epic poet of mediaeval Germany, the Grail is a precious stone, and receives its power in a mystical way. On every Good Friday a dove of snow-white plumage wings its flight from heaven and places a white host upon the sacred stone.

In most of the versions of the tale a young knight, Peredur or Parzival (Percivale), is the successful hero who achieves the quest, becomes king of the knight of the Holy Grail and goes down in history as a perfect model of knight-hood and chivalry. In the "Idyls of the Kings," Tennyson refers to the young hero, as "Sir Percivale, whom Arthur and his knighthood called the pure."

The sacred object could be approached only by one whose soul was clean in the sight of God. Great blessings and surpassing joy were to be the lot of the fortunate knight who could "achieve," that is, find the Grail. For it had been transported by angel hands to an almost inaccessible castle. Even the way to this palace was difficult, and was fraught with perils for him who drew nigh when his soul was seared with carnal sins. No wonder that the bravest knights of the Table Round—Sir Lancelot and Gawain, and Bors and Galahad, went forth on this, the noblest of quests. But alas! how few of that lordly company were privileged to draw close to the wonderful life-giving object? Their soiled lives debarred many from the blessed goal.

The German poet makes a youth called Parzival, the hero of the story. This youth is brought up by his mother in ignorance of knightly jousts, in a lonely woodland. His few attendants are forbidden to speak to him about the sayings and doings of men of arms. One day the lad chances to stroll beyond his usual haunts and meets three knights of King Arthur's court. They invite him to try the merry life they are leading. The youth at

once accepts the invitation. In the course of his adventure he comes, though at the time not aware of the fact, to the castle of the Grail. But he fails to ask the proper question of the keeper of the sacred object—a question upon whose asking depended immeasurable fortune for himself and supreme blessings for those in the palace. When Parzival later on finds out what a great boon he has forfeited by failing to ask the meaning of all the wonders he had witnessed during his short sojourn in the mystic halls, he instantly loses hope and becomes a doubter in God's providence. He now roams through the wide world at enmity with God and His creation. But in the course of many trials he is purified and restored to God's grace, he wins his way back to the palace of the Grail, once more sees the dazzling object carried through the stately hall on the hands of white-robed virgins, asks the question upon which depends the healing of a grievous wound inflicted upon the present king of the Holy Grail, and himself becomes the new lord and master of the palace.

But it is to be noted that throughout all his trials and wanderings Parzival, though filled with gloom and disappointment and thoughts of revenge, is distinguished for "wearing the white flower of a blameless life." He never falls a victim to vile sensuality. The friend and youth companion of his, the knightly Gawain, falls into that sin, and is therefore debarred forever from the attainment of the heavenly vision of the Grail.

Wolfram von Eschenbach seized upon this contrast between the craving for worldly and sensuous pleasure in Gawain, and the steady striving for the highest spiritual good in Parzival, as the fundamental idea of his poem. Wagner, the celebrated composer, allows Parzival the knight of the Grail, to attain to eternal light because he overcame the seductions of the world and remained unsunged by wicked lust. In the third act of the opera, in which Parzival arrives at the happiness of the blessed as a reward for this steadfastness, Wagner states his belief that by sin, and especially by

unclean sensual desires, man desecrates the divine image within him.

History and legend have preserved the record of other quests—but none so noble as that of Parzival in his upward struggle to find the Grail, the sacred symbol of God's love to man, and of surpassing joy. The Spanish cavaliers of the fifteenth century suffered hardships to gain the wealth of El Dorado. Ponce de Leon and his doughty men struggled to discover the island of Bimini and the fountain of youth, Coronado and his valiant host fought and hungered to get to the famous Seven Cities of Cibola, rich in gold and precious metals. But none of these farfamed quests of the centuries of adventure can vie in nobility with the high and holy resolve of Parzival to "achieve the Grail," though that quest led him to trials and battles which tested the merit of his most renowned compeers. Parzival in his steady striving for the highest quest remains a model for all time. Before his first arrival at the pal-

ace of the Grail he had become a member of King Arthur's court, and there, no doubt, he took the oath which all the other knights took, when approaching their noble king, they placed their hands in his and vowed:

To reverence their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
To worship her by years of noble deeds
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desires of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

Such were the principles of knightly conduct, whose faithful observance brought the renowned hero Parzival to Mont Salvage, the mountain of delight, the palace of the Grail, and likewise inscribed his name forevermore on the golden scroll of Christian knighthood's illustrious worthies.

A Corpus Christi Conviction

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

(Concluded)

WHEN they had emerged from the church, Baker and Stacer exchanged greetings with several of the parishoners, whom they complimented on the fine parish, the attractive decorations, evidences of strong faith, and the soul-stirring celebration that was just over. After an inquiry for directions on their way, they entered their car and sped on.

Scenery and landscapes were no longer an attraction to Stacer who was now wrapt in thought. "Say, Jim, the services today at St. Mary's were an eye opener to me. In the last instruction I had Father Jones told me that, though he had instructed me as to essentials, I still had many things to learn. He also said that I should have to be faithful in attending services and especially the sermons. He further impressed upon me that I should be a diligent reader of Catholic literature and make inquiries of men well-posted in matters that pertain to religion. One point he emphasized most forcibly, the necessity of becoming well conversant with Church History, the more so because of

my position as attorney. Right now there are a number of such questions just tripping on the very tip of my tongue pleading for a hearing."

"Why, Ray, let them come on and present their suit. That I may be able to give you more attention I shall feed less gasoline. We can easily reach Sanford before dinner."

"Well, in the first place, when you told me about an hour ago of the introduction of Corpus Christi, I began to wonder whether or not there had been any previous agitation on the question, as I have noticed to be the case in other matters."

"Yes, strange to say, God's ways are remarkable. The weak things of the world hath God chosen to further His plans. The instrument in the hands of Divine Providence in this instance was an Augustinian nun, St. Juliana of Mount Cornillon in Belgium. This saint had great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. For a long time she was favored during prayer by a vision of the Church under the appearance of a bright, resplendent moon, marred by a

dark spot. Our Lord gave her to understand that this dark spot signified the absence in the cycle of the feasts of the Church a festival in honor of the Holy Eucharist. He expressed the desire that a solemn feast be introduced. Maundy Thursday, the day of the institution, would not do, for at that time the faithful were too much absorbed with His bitter passion and death. He chose her to make known to the world His will in this regard. Long she pleaded her weakness and unworthiness as an excuse, but the vision continued. Finally, after twenty years she manifested to holy priests and bishops the apparition and it found favor with them. Yet, because of this manifestation, she had to suffer much till death relieved her in 1258.

"Another saintly person, the Blessed Eve, a recluse with whom Juliana had lived, continued the good work by urging the bishop of Liège to request the pope to extend to the whole Church this feast which had been instituted at Liège as early as 1246. Pope Urban IV, a former archdeacon of Liège, had been very favorably impressed by the events that transpired there at the time. He was thus easily induced to give this feast to the whole Catholic world, which he did in 1264."

"This answer, Jim, fully satisfies my first question, but I have another."

"Very well, let's hear it."

"I notice that the procession is made a very prominent feature of the celebration. Was this the case at the time of the introduction of the feast?"

"No, Ray, in the bull of Urban IV no mention is made of a procession. But at the time of the Council of Vienne in 1311, when the bull was really promulgated, we find such processions in France and in England. In 1447 Pope Nicholas V introduced the solemn procession on the feast of Corpus Christi at Rome. The purpose of this feast is to honor the Eucharistic Lord with joy and triumph, hence it is quite natural that there should be processions. The world knows no better way of celebrating a triumph than by inaugurating processions in honor of victor and victory. Think of the triumphal arches erected in Rome after the Roman wars. You will not have forgotten how General Pershing was received last year when he returned

from France. What a grand parade was marshalled to do him honor."

"Well, well, Jim, how reasonable it all appears to me now. Do you know whether or not that famous council of Trent (1545-1563) has anything to say on this point?"

"Yes, with respect to the processions held on Corpus Christi, it declares that 'very piously and religiously was this custom introduced into the Church, that this sublime and venerable Sacrament be with special veneration and solemnity celebrated every year on a certain festival day, and that it be borne reverently and with honor in procession through the streets and public places.'"

"But one more question and I will give you a rest."

"Never mind, Ray, I will not limit your questions. You show such keen interest and that fully repays me."

"Thanks, Jim, but there must have been some special need in the world for the introduction of the feast and for its further development, don't you think so?"

"No doubt there was. In the preceding century a certain Berengarius of Tours, who died in 1088, taught erroneous doctrines regarding the Real Presence. This heretical doctrine which gave great scandal, was vigorously combated. As a result the faithful were especially encouraged to adore the Holy Eucharist even outside of Mass and to gaze on the Sacred Host. This practice was then followed by the so-called 'theophoric' or God-bearing processions, that is, processions in which the Holy Eucharist was carried about. The need is further apparent from similar heresies that were on the verge of breaking out, for example, that of John Wyclif, who died in 1384. The Holy Spirit evidently saw in this development a remedy for the evil of the times."

"Don't you think, Jim, that a more universal application of this remedy on the part of us Catholics would be the cure for the evils of our times? It is sad that the name of Christ must be barred from the schools and suppressed in treaties and that it may not even be alluded to in oaths."

"Certainly. That was the endeavor of Pius X as he expressed it in his motto, 'to restore all things in Christ,' and Benedict XV desires

to 'renew all things in the charity of Christ' through the Holy Eucharist. I think that many a conversion would be effected if the Eucharistic Lord were but permitted to gaze on these deluded people of our age."

"I tell you, Jim, I am beginning to realize more and more why the Church is emphasizing this devotion to the Holy Eucharist in every form and shape in our day. The world needs It. If only the men could be brought in closer touch with It by frequent, yes, daily, Communion."

"Well, Ray, 'charity begins at home.' How would it be if we were to set the example?"

"I am with you, Jim."

* * *

The visitors were received with joy at the parental home. Old friends and neighbors gave them a hearty welcome too. How pleasant to get away from the noise and bustle of the busy city and return to the simple life, even if only for a few days. Thus Friday and Saturday passed in renewing friendships and exchanging greetings.

"Tomorrow is Sunday, Raymond," said Mother Stacer. "It is a long time since we attended service together on the Sabbath. I presume you will go with me tomorrow. Everybody will be delighted to see you, especially Brother Smith."

"As much as I should like to do so, Mother, it will be impossible for me to go with you. You know that I am a Catholic now and that our Church forbids us to take part in other forms of worship."

"Oh fiddlesticks! How many here know that you are a Catholic? Besides, what difference does it make anyway?"

"That's not the question, Mother. God, to Whom I swore allegiance on entering the Catholic Church, is my witness everywhere. It is, then, not human respect that prompts me but the fear of the omnipresent God."

"Can't you make an exception just for once?"

"No, not unless there is an urgent reason, such as the burial of a relative or friend. Even then I may not take an active part in the services. But, Mother, you might accompany me to church tomorrow without any qualms of conscience. I assure you, it will be a rare treat, especially since tomorrow is Cor-

pus Christi Sunday. You will find the ceremonies very impressive. Possibly these beautiful ceremonies will set you to thinking. May they produce in you that effect for which your children have long been praying."

"I wish I could feel and think about religion as you do. You have my promise that I will take the step as soon as I am convinced that the Catholic Church is really the Church of God. However, I will accompany you to church, provided you take care of me. You Catholics are so cold and unfriendly. Why the last time I attended services at St. Paul's I wasn't even offered a seat."

"I admit, Mother, that we may often be lacking in courtesy, but it is a fault of the head rather than of the heart. Then as to your becoming a Catholic yourself, I would say that no one is received hastily into the Church. A series of instructions precedes reception so that the prospective convert may see the reasonableness of the grounds of faith and know what he is doing. I shall be very happy to take you with me to Mass on the morrow. I shall rise early to attend the Communion Mass and after breakfast we can go to High Mass together."

* * *

The Gospel at High Mass being over, the pastor ascended the pulpit. The sermon, which treated of two points in particular: the real presence and the cult of the Holy Eucharist, dwelt especially on the ceremonies customary on Corpus Christi. The priest urged his people to gaze with an eye of faith on the Sacred Host. "When this is done with a guileless heart," he said, "it often effects conversions to the faith and leads to a better life." Strange to say he repeated almost word for word what James Baker had explained to his docile brother-in-law. Though the former's explanation was clear, accurate, and convincing, yet, as Stacer afterwards put it, "that unction which attaches to the word of God, when proclaimed by his divinely called ministers, was lacking." The pastor was not a singularly gifted orator, but he spoke, with the conviction of one having power to drive truths home with sledge-hammer force. Stacer was spellbound. Even his mother stared unmoved at the speaker as she hung upon his powerful words. She began to feel the outworks that hedged in the stone cas-

ing about her heart crumbling away. Yet she retained many misgivings and when her own conscience began to awaken, she still answered, though with some effort, "Not until I am convinced."

* * * *

Mass was over and the procession was forming. Wreaths, festoons, garlands, and other ornaments added color and splendor to the festive decorations. A crosbearer and acolytes with candles led the procession. These were followed by groups of children that portrayed the virtues. Next in order were representatives of the various societies of the parish, each with banner and badge. Then followed servers and priests bringing up the rear with the Lord of Hosts. The lights and fuming censers, the ringing of bells, the peal of organ and chant of choir, the solemn tread and devout demeanor of those taking part in the procession, all made a lasting impression on the beholder.

As the procession advanced through the cen-

ter aisle, Mrs. Stacer, with the others, gazed intently on the Sacred Host. She saw nothing but the form of the little white wafer. Suddenly, however, a something—the thought of the divine presence, or whatever else it might have been—seemed to pierce her heart and she began to sob, although she endeavored to suppress her emotion. Unable to retain her secret, she whispered to her son: "Raymond, I am convinced."—The Lord of the Eucharist had made another conquest.

She could not help repeating in her heart the words of the Apostle St. Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" When the monstrance had been reposed on the altar, the two offered a prayer of the profoundest gratitude for this new token of God's love for man.

After a course of instruction Mother Stacer was at last received into the bosom of the Church. It was then that she felt the truth of the words she had so often heard in the hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The Bible—A Literary Study

SISTER ISABELLA

TO class the Bible among literary studies is taking what seems a strangely new view of the Sacred Scriptures. Hitherto in Bible study we were chiefly concerned about the theology and the history of the Scripture text. Today we go a step farther and in the light of literary standards we expect to find in the Bible, dramas, stories, philosophical works, histories, songs and similar forms of literature. Nor shall we be disappointed, for the Bible is at once the most sacred and the most interesting of literatures.

From among many and varied definitions of literature, the following by Brother Azarias shows how the Bible verifies such a choice: "Literature, is the expression of man's affections as influenced by society, the material world, and his Creator. It expresses individual feelings, as in the lyric; national feelings as in the epic; and appeals to our common humanity, as in the drama. Its fundamental principle is that a common humanity underlies our individual personalities; its legitimate function is to interpret the fainter emotions of our nature;

its origin dates from the fall and man's consequent degeneracy."

Among the Epic Histories of the Bible the Book of Esther is the most elaborate. From childhood we have been familiar with its complex story. Esther, young and beautiful, and Mardochai her kinsman, are the centers of two distinct trains of events. Aman's plot and Esther's counter-plot weave a story of absorbing interest. The movement of the story carries us through scenes of oriental splendor, manners and customs of varying races and speech, despotic governments the violation of whose court etiquette is punishable with death.

Aman's elevation and Mardochai's consequent resistance are the mainsprings of action. Nothing less than the destruction of the whole Jewish race throughout the empire of Assuerus will satisfy the wounded pride of Aman. Esther, aware of the peril hanging over her people, sees no help except through herself. She has been raised up to save her people. Fasting and prayer have added an aureola to her natural beauty and, at the risk of incurring

death, she presents herself to the king. In the balance tremble her own fate and that of her nation; but lo, Assuerus holds out his scepter and the peril is past. And now her request. Here simplicity outwits courtly intrigue, for her childlike invitation to the king and Aman to attend a banquet she will prepare, is received with delight.

With breathless interest we follow the course of the narrative: the banquet on the first night, Esther's patient waiting to make surety doubly sure. "On that night the king could not sleep"; the reading of the chronicles of his kingdom; Mardochai's reward; Aman's nemesis. "Our last sight of Esther reveals her as a beautiful incarnation of vengeance. But this is the passing excitement of the crisis, the passionate justice of one trained in the law of retaliation."

Passing out of the sunlight of Esther's beauty we enter the shadows of Job's affliction and pause to consider the dramatic character of the Book of Job which causes it to stand apart in the Bible. Arranged as a drama it follows the usual stages in its development. In the Prologue is presented Job's prosperity and Satan's power from God to touch, first his substance and then his person. Through three scenes a dialogue is carried on between Job and his friends who first insinuate and then declare Job must have sinned to draw down these punishments upon himself. Job steadfastly maintains his innocence. "Though He slay me, I will trust Him."

Like a mighty pendulum the Bible swings out of the shadows of Old Testament prophecy into the sunlight of Christian revelation. In the New Testament are those wonderful parables: "Children love them, they are grasped at once by the unlettered; yet the deep thinker, the more he thinks, sees more and more a whole philosophy of life standing out clear from a story of half a dozen lines. But what is a parable? It is a serious narration, within the bounds of probability, of a course of action pointing to some spiritual or moral truth. The reason why Jesus taught in parables seems to be manifold: "To render His instructions more concrete and striking; to conceal His truths to a certain extent from those who did not wish to believe in Him, thus rendering them less culpable and evading their growing opposition

more securely; to show us that the realities and facts of our common daily life may be employed to elevate our minds to spiritual and divine things."

In the autumn of 31 on one of the small creeks or inlets near ancient Capharnaum a ship rode with safety, and going up into it Jesus sat and taught the multitudes. Travelers tell us that in the clear air of Genesareth every word is heard very distinctly to a distance of three hundred yards. "Behold, a sower went out to sow." The seed time in Palestine is November; it is not impossible that our Lord should have actually seen a man going out from a neighboring town or village, to sow his patch of ground on an unenclosed hillside. The sower allows about one-third of the seed sown to the birds of the air; paths traverse the unfenced fields of Palestine in every direction; rocks peep out of the stony ground and clumps of thorns seen on all sides, complete the picture of the sower which Jesus drew for His audience.

"Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost." What heart has not felt the divine soothing of these glorious words! The shepherd pursues, in spite of all personal dangers, the lost one, and when he has found it, he does not punish it, but carries it back on his shoulder. Oh! the infinite tenderness of the Good Shepherd!

From every point of view, then, the Bible is the greatest book of world literature. It is the masterpiece of world literature. This book takes its place as the highest monument of civilization and the pivotal point of the history of the world and the history of literature. For the Catholic the book is more than literature—it is the inspired word of God. It does not belong to purely human authorship; God Himself chose and fashioned it. The inspired writers are merely channels by which divine wisdom was to be communicated to the sons of men during the dreary days of their earthly pilgrimage.

"Let us always open the Book reverently and lovingly, and let the light of His blessed Face shine out upon us from its inspired pages."

By sin our body has been doomed to death and corruption; but by eating the Flesh and Blood of Jesus Christ the seed of immortality is implanted in us.

Why Expect the Impossible?

MARY E. SULLIVAN

"I came for my coat," Helen announced pompously. "You promised it for yesterday, but it wasn't ready when I called."

"Is that your coat what was the sleeve to have over made?" inquired Jacob Panjovsky, the tailor.

"Yes, you know very well it is," she retorted snappishly. "You were to put on a new collar and velvet cuffs too. Now, don't try to make any pretenses."

After a few moments of tense silence, Helen threw up her head disdainfully and announced,

"I'll take my coat *now*, if you please."

"But, lady," remonstrated Panjovsky shrugging his shoulders and flinging out his hands in a manner characteristic of his tribe, "I ain't got the wallvut, I can't down-town match it yet."

"You told me yesterday that you *had* matched it, that the new velvet had been sent out to you!"

"I know, lady, but how can I it help? They don't their word to me keep. I ain't got the wallvut."

"You shouldn't take work if you can't deliver it when you agree to."

"Rachel! *Oh*, Rachel, will you out here right away come?" pleaded Panjovsky in a jerky tremor.

A disheveled, red-haired woman with an unkempt youngster of five or six tugging at her torn, grimy skirt, shuffled out of a musty smelling room behind the shop.

"Rachel, you tell the young lady why I ain't yet fixed her coat yet. Tell her I ain't got the wallvut."

"I tell you for *sure*, lady, my husband he ain't got the wallvut," piped Rachel gesticulating emphatically and shaking her head solemnly.

"Don't for pity's sake tell me that again," shrieked Helen as her dark eyes flashed a warning. "That parrot in the cage has more sense than to yell that at me! Give me my coat, I say! I'll take it to a *reliable* tailor up the street."

"Lady, I tell you, my Jacob is the truth tell-

ing. He ain't got the wallvut!" wailed the distressed Rachel.

"My Pa ain't got the wallvut," echoed little Ikey.

"Lady! for *sure* I tell you I ain't got the wallvut," Jacob insisted, nervously stroking his long frowsy beard.

"He aint got the wallvut! Ain't got the wallvut!" chorused Rachel and Ikey excitedly.

Helen scowled; she bit her lip in seething rage and flashed a scornful look of incredulity. Jacob's twitching fingers combed deeply through his beard.

"Believe me, my dear young lady, when I can't got the wallvut, *no* tailor he can got the wallvut! My peeznees is more bigger than Goldman's. I buy from the wholesale *bolts* of wallvut! Goldman, he buys only so much as a yard! I tell you, lady, you are a good customer. I do good by my customers. I do my *best*, but this time, lady, I don't got the wallvut!"

In desperation, Helen dashed across the shop to look into the case where the new and altered garments hung, for she thought she caught a glimpse of her one-hundred-and-fifty dollar coat that she wanted so badly to wear to the theater with Tom that evening. Oh, if she could only lay her hands on it she would quickly run away from this everlasting, exasperating gibberish!

With eager anticipation, the girl peered closely into the glass. Yes, sure enough, she could see her coat hanging away back in the corner. Impulsively, she sent the door sliding with such force that it seemed as if it would crash into the adjacent wall. Snatching the coat, she held it up to scrutinize the alterations at close range.

"My *soul*!" she exclaimed, here are the new velvet collars and cuffs! What have you been talking about? You didn't *have* the velvet?"

There was no answer. With sagging jaws and round staring eyes the whole Panjovsky crew, Jacob, Rachel, and Ikey, breathlessly awaited the inevitable as Helen turned to ex-

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Places of Worship in Switzerland

MARIE WIDMER.

MARTIGNY AND GREAT ST. BERNARD

ON the Rhone, where the swiftly traveling river takes a northwesterly turn, stands Martigny, a centre of highly developed culture in the Roman era and at the same time an early pioneer of Christianity. St. Theodore founded the abbey Agaunum (Saint Maurice), which is still interesting at the present date, and after becoming bishop in the year 349 he transferred his domicile to Octodurum, also known as "Forum Claudii," the present Martigny.

Martigny is famous today as the starting point of the Great St. Bernard Road, leading to a place of worship which is in name, as well as in deed, one of the noblest institutions of its kind—the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

While it is an established fact that the Pass itself was in use in the Roman era, the actual foundation of the Hospice by Bernard the Menthon, a wise and saintly priest of Aosta, dates back to the middle of the tenth century. The Hospice, intended to serve as a shelter to the thousands of wayfarers and pilgrims who used this road, grew rapidly under the special protection of powerful princes and prelates. The Pope took it under his particular and individual care and even today, many of the privileges which have been bestowed upon it in the past are jealously preserved; amongst others is the unique distinction that the Provost of the order of the monks who live and work there is not subject to any diocesan except the Pope himself and the Holy See. In spite of this powerful protection the Hospice had to endure many trials. Fire and storm nearly ruined it on several occasions and the greater part of the present building dates from the sixteenth century, when a disastrous conflagration had about reduced the old structure to ashes. A large new wing was added as recently as 1901 and the Hospice as we now behold it, is consequently partly a sixteenth century and partly a new structure.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who traversed the pass with 35,000 men in May 1800, took a keen interest in the work of the Hospice and he de-

cided that the Augustine monks of the Great St. Bernard should have the monopoly of the hospitality in the Alps. The abbeys of St. Maurice and the Great St. Bernard were consequently joined and the administration of the Hospices on the Simplon and Mont Cenis was also entrusted to their care.

An electric railway between Martigny and Orsières facilitates the ascent to the Hospice, which can from the latter point be reached by *diligence*. The hard climate of the St. Bernard region calls for constant self-denials on the part of the inmates. The winter season lasts some eight or nine months and is the most trying period for them. It is the time when the terrific snowstorms prevailing in this region calls them and their faithful, sagacious dogs out on their heroic rescue work of poor, overcome travellers.

The St. Bernard dogs, a splendid breed, famous all over the world, are carefully trained by the brethren for their noble duties, but like their masters, they too have to sacrifice their health in this raw climate and have to be sent to Martigny from time to time to recuperate.

The Hospice buildings are especially designed to resist the inclemency of the weather; they are plain gray structures with small windows and massive walls. The sombre lake, which fills the hollow on one side, suggested to Dumas "a picture in miniature of the Dead Sea, lying at the feet of Jerusalem in ruins." On a platform near this lake, the Romans once had a temple to Jupiter, where travellers stopped to express their gratitude to the god.

The most sumptuous part of the Hospice, which also possesses a very ancient library, is the church with some exquisite carved stalls, fine paintings and relics.

The inmates of the Great St. Bernard Hospice are heroes who lead an existence of entirely self-imposed sacrifice; they are men whose heroic deeds in the great solitude of this mountain pass consecrate anew their ancient abode and make it a shrine of the ideal Christianity expressed by good deeds.

GENEVA

At the extreme end of the lake of Geneva, where the river Rhone comes into evidence once more, lies Geneva, famous today as the future Capital of the League of Nations, a celebrity already centuries ago as the abode of many of the world's literary stars and reformers.

Geneva was also known to the Romans and an Apollo temple once graced the heights now crowned by the city's most important edifice, St. Peter's Cathedral. The Pagan place of worship was destroyed by fire in 170 and a new building which was again erected in its place was converted into a christian church in the fourth century. The construction of the present Cathedral was started in the tenth century and completed 300 years later. Begun at a time when the round arched Romanesque architecture was at its height, the edifice was finished when the Gothic period had attained its full glory. Several fires, especially one in 1430, which destroyed a considerable portion of the city, reduced the Cathedral almost to a ruin. In 1530 the church was completely restored and, except the principal façade, had almost its present appearance.

It is in this Cathedral where Calvin preached his new doctrine to the world and the beautiful old structure is consequently regarded as a dignified memorial to this spiritual leader of the highly cultured city.

The interior of the church itself, with its ancient stained-glass windows, its historic pulpit and magnificent organ, is of inspiring beauty, same as the adjoining chapel of the Maccabees, which is pronounced to be one of the truest specimens of Gothic architecture.

LAUSANNE AND VEVEY

Another haunt, well beloved by intellectual leaders who take a delight in making this radiant lake region their residence, is the city of five hills—Lausanne. The Cathedral, one of its most characteristic landmarks, dates back to the sixth century. It was consecrated to the Virgin by Pope Gregory X in 1275, in presence of the Emperor Rodolphe of Habsburg, and has been rebuilt several times. The church of Our Lady owes its beauty not only to the particular gracefulness of its outlines and the puri-

ty of its Gothic style, but also to the lofty height of its arches.

The lovely rose-window, the sixty ancient stained-glass windows, the carved choir-stalls and some fifteenth century wall paintings, are noteworthy features of this imposing temple of worship.

A little further on beckons another acknowledged paradise of philosophers and literary stars; Vevey, the Vibiscus of the Romans, with the late fifteenth century church of St. Martin, occupying a romantic situation on a hill outside the town.

FRIBOURG

A delightful trip from the lake of Geneva, through the quaint Gruyère district, the most picturesque part of the canton of Fribourg, brings us to the time-honored city of that name, founded in 1178 by Berthold IV of Zähringen, occupying a rocky height almost surrounded by the river Sarine. Fribourg, a pronounced Roman Catholic centre, is the seat of the Bishop of Lausanne and a Roman Catholic University. The city's most revered place of worship is the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas.

On June eighth, 1182, Roger, Bishop of Lausanne, consecrated the first place of worship at Fribourg. A century later, in 1283, the foundation was laid to the present edifice, of which the Gothic nave was completed in 1343, the handsome tower, with a winding staircase of 365 steps and 250 feet high, in 1492 and the choir in 1631. In 1512 the church received the collegiate degree under Pope Julius II.

The main portal represents "The Last Judgment" in a most impressive and dramatic scene. The lofty interior, with no less than 12 side chapels, distinguishes itself by its impressive spaciousness and harmony. To the right is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, dating back to 1433. The figure of Christ stretched out on the tomb and the various emotion-filled personages surrounding Him—all cut in sandstone, form a noteworthy group. Stained-glass windows from the ancient abbey of Hauterive, near Fribourg, decorate the choir and modern stained-glass is seen in the nave.

Of universal fame is undoubtedly the organ of the Fribourg Cathedral and those who love

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The Watchman of the Tower

(Adapted from the French of Mme. Julie Lavergne)

MARY E. MANNIX

ONE night, about eleven o'clock, André was surprised to see lights in garden of the Visitation. They seemed to be large candles in the hands of several persons, who moved slowly, as in a procession, from the door of the Convent, towards the wall which separated the garden from the cemetery. They then formed a group which remained stationary for about half an hour when the lights were extinguished and the participants returned, he supposed, to the Convent through the midnight darkness.

The next morning but one after this occurrence Carillon went down to the city very early and returned sooner than usual. His face was pale and he seemed alarmed.

"What is the matter, Père Carillon?" inquired André. "Has anything happened?"

"Two more families have left," said the old man. "Two, who a few days ago were steadfast in their intention of remaining."

"Who are they?" asked André.

"The families of the Count de Brisefer and that of Maître Lucas. Both have daughters at the Visitation and it was principally for this reason that their parents decided to remain."

"What of the nuns?" asked André.

"Alas!" replied Carillon, "that I should have to tell you. I do not know how many of them have gone or if any of them have left—but this I have heard that tonight a raid upon the Convent is to take place."

"How do you know of it?"

"From Anatole Brier—arch-traitor that he is. While one of them, he still remembers that his aunt was a lay-sister in the Order, and he has a regard for them on that account."

André snatched his cap and ran hastily down the stairs, never pausing in his flight till he reached the door of the Convent, where he knocked loudly.

The sister portress appeared immediately, behind the grill, looking very much frightened.

"Who are you, Monsieur, and what is your business?" she inquired.

"A friend, a fellow Christian," André replied. "For the love of Our Blessed Lady, sister, allow me to speak with the Mother Superior."

Feeling that he was really a friend she hastened to call the Superior.

"Honored Mother!" exclaimed André when she had come. "I am here to warn you. The brigands are coming tonight to attack and rob the Convent!"

"I am aware of it already," the Superior replied calmly. "I have known it several days. I have sent away a few at a time, the younger religious, the novices and what boarders we had left. There only remain here at present some very old sisters, the portress and myself."

"And what will become of you?"

"We are in the hands of God. It may be possible that the calamity will be averted. I think it best to remain in the hope that the marauders may respect our helplessness and not do as much damage to the place as they might were they to find it completely abandoned."

"There is reason in what you say, Reverend Mother," rejoined André, "yet you are taking a great risk. Those robbers have hearts of stone."

"I fear you are right," said the Superior. "But there may be some among them not so callous as others. At any rate, we shall remain here until they drive us away."

For a moment André did not speak, unable to frame the question that rose to his lips. Then he said,

"Most honored Reverend Mother, I beg of you to tell me what has become of Sister Louise Lucas? Is she safe?"

"She is safe," replied the Superior calmly. "Beyond possible earthly harm, my friend."

"And where?"

"Do you not understand? She is in Heaven. When the rumors began to spread that they were about to drive us from our Cloister she asked Almighty God to take her to Himself, and He answered her prayer."

"Did she die of fear?" asked André. "She was such a delicate creature."

"Fear! She knew not the meaning of the word. She had a brave little soul. Oh, no—she offered herself as a sacrifice for her Sisters. And that sacrifice was accepted."

"When—how?" murmured André.

"She was ill only three days. At first a slight cold, followed by languor and a sudden collapse. The night before last we laid her in the cemetery, and this morning early her family left for England. They had only remained here because of her."

André could not speak. He stood silent, his eyes cast down, his face pale and drawn.

"Are you a relative?" inquired the Superior, after a pause.

"Oh, no. Only a friend. I have known the family since she was a very little child. Tell me, Reverend Mother, where you have laid her."

"In a little secluded corner of the garden she loved to cultivate. She always had such beautiful flowers for the Altar. She rests close to the north wall of the cemetery. Without priest or mass we buried her—in the dead of night, Monsieur. But why am I telling you all this?"

"Because you must feel that I love her. Yes—I loved her, but she never knew it—to her I seemed another brother."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Reverend Mother. "You must be André Ferrand!"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Madame Lucas has often mentioned you to me."

"And Sister Louise?"

"No, she never spoke of outside friendships. She was a perfect religious."

"I thank you for having told me all this," said André. "And, most honored Superior, I saw that funeral."

"You saw it?"

"Yes. From the parapet of the tower—I am custodian of the Cathedral. I saw lights moving about your garden. I can point out the very spot."

"Come—I will show it to you," she said.

"Do not expose yourself to surveillance," said André. "It might not be safe. I know how to find the place and I will take care of that grave. Now, can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, Monsieur," replied the Superior. "Our fate is in God's hands. He can do with us as He wills. Adieu; we shall meet, I hope, in Heaven."

As André retraced his steps he felt happier than he had been for several years. Safe with God, Louise was beyond all earthly trials and perils. Perhaps she would be able now to read his heart and, far from reproaching him, would be his Guardian Angel and protectress. And the thought was very sweet.

The following night the summons came and the Mayor of the Arrondissement, at the head of the band, said to the assembled Religious,

"In the name of the Nation, ladies, you are free, free to leave this prison of tyranny and superstition in which you have been confined so long. Depart, Citizenesses, whithersoever you please."

The Superior, Marguerite Henriette de Montmorency, drew herself up to her full height, and without deigning to reply to the would-be orator, she addressed herself to the crowd which surrounded him.

"Fellow Citizens," she said. "For a hundred years the daughters of St. Francis de Sales have lived among you, and during that time have labored only for your benefit. Punishment and retribution lie in wait for those who now drive them into banishment. Stand aside, Messieurs, and give us room to pass. And you, my Sisters, follow me, and sing with me!"

She intoned the *In exitu*. The crowd fell back in silence, as, accompanied by a dozen religious, she slowly walked through the portals, tall, stately and composed, more like a queen than a fugitive. The Nuns, who had been prepared for what had passed, directed their steps towards the suburbs. André, who had been in the crowd, was the only one to follow them. Père Carillon had suggested that it might be dangerous to be so closely identified with them, but André had no regard for his own safety. He thought only of theirs. They were not aware of his proximity, as he walked behind them at a respectful distance.

About half a mile from the town they found two rough carts in waiting. They were in charge of a couple of peasants who had braved the possible displeasure of their new rulers

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A Heroine of the Family Circle

IN our day, when domestic life is undergoing such radical changes, it is gratifying to note that a true heroine of the home has been raised to the privilege of the altars in the person of the Blessed Anna Maria Taigi. On May 30 Pope Benedict XV beatified this humble housewife and mother who may be said to belong to our present age, for she died on June 9, 1837.

Of her fidelity during forty-seven years of married life, as wife and mother, no one is better qualified to speak than her own husband, who, though a good-hearted religious man, was, nevertheless, somewhat narrow, rude, and eccentric. After her death he thus testifies: "It often happened that, on my return home, I found the whole house filled with people"—he refers to the time when his wife was known throughout Rome—"at once she would leave them, even if they were prelates and great nobles, and come to serve me with courtesy and attention. And they realized that she was sincere when she loosed the latches of my shoes, although it was against my will for her to do so. In a word she was a consolation to me and to everyone else. She knew how to admonish me skillfully and I can thank her for the amendment of certain faults which I had. She gave me admonitions with incomparable kindness and gentleness.... Although we were numerous and had very opposite characters among us, she was able by her wonderful prudence to preserve peace in the family, especially when my eldest son Camillus came to live with us at first after his marriage. My daughter-in-law had a very irascible temper and would play the mistress in everything. But the servant of God was most tactful in keeping every one in the proper place and this with such courtesy that it cannot be described with words.... On arriving home, I was often sad, discouraged, and ill-tempered, but she knew how to cheer me and to restore peace by her amiability."

As to the order she kept in the house, her biographer says: "In the morning she gathered her whole family for prayer. Whenever the work permitted it, all in the house heard Mass in the course of the forenoon and they frequently received the sacraments. At night the fami-

ly assembled for pious reading, to which the mother added some instructive religious conversation, ending with the rosary and night prayer. She watched over her children most carefully, especially when they were growing out of boyhood and girlhood, encouraging them to frequent communion and guarding them against dangerous companions. Even when they were about to enter the married state, she would not permit the betrothed to converse without supervision."

She was poor and had much to suffer. Practically the whole management of the house devolved upon her. She had seven children, of whom two died in early youth. In addition, she cared for her aged parents. Yet in spite of her hardships she desired to remain in the condition of life in which God had placed her, as a poor workingman's wife. But she was imbued with the Christian spirit and was, therefore, always content. She never complained when her duties as wife and mother set a limit to her desire for prayer and penance and much less when so-called social functions could not be harmonized with her home duties. Is not such a model an inspiration to many a woman who is placed in similar circumstances today?

Other holy* women and housewives of this age, whose cause of beatification is in progress, are: Ven. Mary Clotilda, queen of Sardinia, who departed this life on March 7, 1802; Ven. Elizabeth Canori Mora, a model of patience to a depraved husband, whose conversion was effected after her death on Feb. 5, 1825; Ven. Mary Christina, queen of the Sicilies, who died in her first confinement on Jan. 31, 1836—her body was found incorrupt seventeen years later; Ven. Elizabeth Sanna, who sanctified herself in widowhood and breathed her last on Feb. 19, 1857; Ven. Carolina Barbara Carré de Malberg, who was called to a better life on Jan. 28, 1891.

The unmarried women of the world have a
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* In the use of the term *holy* there is no intention of anticipating the decision of the Church.

A Parish Visitation

A MISSIONARY

DON'T be frightened, dear reader, we won't have any runaways or automobile accidents. Just lock your arm into mine and I'll transport you safely over some thirty miles of genuine Missouri mud. I won't tell you just where you are, but "I'll show you" what I want you to see.

Let us strike out in a northerly direction, some eight miles from church. If you are quick you may be able to count eight lively youngsters playing under those two sturdy old maples. Marjorie, the eldest, is a quick-witted and motherly child, whereas her two younger brothers are two slow-thinking, yawny beings. You see Marjorie has had the benefit of going to a sisters' school in another state, whereas her brothers are now about evenly divided between going to the sisters and the 'non-sectarian' district school. Therefore the girl has Catholic manners, but the boys haven't. No good in changing, I say, leastways birds never change their nests while they raise their young, unless under compulsion.

Now let us strike out southwest. We alight in a wooded section of the parish. Here lives a city farmer, an apt pupil he is, because he pays a high tuition in the school of experience. Two flaxen-haired boys of ten and eleven keep him busy. Nine miles from the tabernacle; twenty miles from the nearest Catholic school; within earshot of the district school. What would you do, dear reader, under the circumstances? Here's one better. He takes them to the nearest city school and leaves them at an aunt's house. Easy, you say. But it means a great deal of inconvenience to come and go there occasionally, for he is alone on the farm and quite poor. But he knows both schools and he fears what he knows. May God bless him and help him to keep the souls of his children in the bloom of untarnished innocence.

One, two, three. There's Tom Mulligan's. Don't enter, unless you wish to do so alone, for the good folks seem to be shy of my collar. The house isn't, perhaps, fixed up the way they'd like to show it, but they are good, sincere folks and work hard, missing Mass occasionally, I

fear, for the sake of pleasing Protestant neighbors who may be visiting on a Sunday. And that means a great deal here with Mass only twice a month, mind ye, and no Catholic neighbors.—Now Lizzie is at home working out in the garden. Little Tim is romping at her side, for Lizzie has given up her maiden name and—her Lutheran husband: Her faith and his bigotry could not get along together. Mixed marriages never truly mix. Poor thing, what a blasted future!

Now just two miles nearer to church. Mister Noonan is a hard worker, especially since the dry law went into effect. He does give at times toward's his wife's church. A quiet, patient woman she is. But it was a hard fight to convince her that the pastor had a right to keep her two children for instructions after church. She walks home alone now on Sundays. Sad, isn't it? She is not yet a believer in frequent communion for children, nor for grown-ups either, and yet she is a very good woman.

No. 327, Elder Street. Rap carefully. Bow politely. Allude to any topic but the steeple over the way. A religious subject may not cross that threshold. Poor, misguided woman. She might have known better than to marry a divorced man, husband of another. Her good will is not all gone, however, and methinks sometimes the sound of the nearby church bell must be hard on her. By stealth, in the absence of her husband, and unknown to him, the boy and girl were baptized.—By the way, there's always just a boy and girl around such homes. Queer, isn't it?—It'll be a hard thing to get little Annie instructed for first Holy Communion, for none dare come to church when Mister is home.

Now the last home, if such it may be called, for I have always had the idea that Mrs. N. mourned for an absent member of the family. She is faithful, but also very careful of cold and wet streets. On special occasions her husband accompanies her to our church, for the music or the preaching, maybe, or the atmosphere, I don't know which. Her smiles al-

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What the World Owes to Religious Orders

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

MOST people are inclined to judge the social value of an institution by results that strike the eye and by data that can be worked up into elaborate statistics, while the press does everything in its power to foster and strengthen this idea. Such persons forget that there is an interior force that springs up in, and flows out from certain social institutions, and that is of no less practical advantage to a community than the actual work of alleviating some form of distress and misery. The religious orders of the Catholic Church are such institutions which have conferred vast social benefits upon society, though recognition of this service is often grudgingly given.

It was especially in its fight against the corrupt paganism of the first Christian centuries that the Church exerted an uplifting influence through the hermits and anchorites who lived in the so-called *lauras* and followed a quasi religious life. These thousands of anchorites were a disciplined army which fought the fearful vices of heathenism with spiritual weapons. Their austere and penitential lives were a continuous sermon, and an energetic protest of the noblest minds against the degrading servitude of luxury. It was a well-directed attack of the Christian spirit upon the deep-rooted rottenness of pagan society. From this point of view the asceticism of the early monks may be regarded as much-needed moral example to the men of this day.

One of the first effects which the heroic virtue of the monks wrought in that debased society was to convince it that it was possible to lead a dignified existence without giving way to the cruel and shameful slavery of sin and riotous excesses. These anchorites, moreover, efficaciously taught the value of goods of the moral and spiritual order. They made men understand how far spirit excels matter, and how great is the power of the will, when assisted by grace, against the evil tendencies of corrupt nature.

To understand fully the social efficacy of the eremitical life we must recall the state of Roman society in the fourth century. Paganism

as a religion and a philosophic system had fallen never to rise again. By his victory at the Milvian Bridge, Constantine had routed the army of the last heathen emperor. "In this sign thou shalt conquer," became the watchword of throngs of noble men and women, and vast numbers entered the Church, many of them voluntarily accepting poverty and the hardships of life in a religious community.

The life and example of the latter, as well as the religious rule followed by those who lived in solitude as hermits, became a continuous object lesson in sobriety and self-restraint. It was certainly not of little value to a society carried away by avarice and love of gold, to behold rich lords and ladies distribute their wealth to the poor, and live content in sackcloth and with coarse food.

In many cases these persons who left the world did not only engage in prayer and contemplation but labored with their hands for their own sustenance and that of the poor. They led the life which was later on summarized by many religious orders under the watchword "*ora et labora*,"—"pray and work." By their systematic understandings for the material improvement of the vicinity in which they were located many of the great religious orders merited the gratitude of their contemporaries, and of future generations. Dr. Thompson recognizes this fact in his book, "*The Church and the Wage Earners*." He admits that the religious orders acted as the bridge builders and road constructors of many districts in the middle ages. They drained the swamp and improved the fertility of large wastes and tracts of arid lands.

But this word has continued to our own day. Missionaries of religious orders became the instructors of the tribes not only in religion but in agriculture. The Jesuit reductions of Paraguay are a telling example. In other cases the monks and religious acted not only as preachers of the Gospel but as social apostles. The Salesians are today carrying on fine social work, in the spirit of their founder, Don Bosco, not only in Italy but also in South America. The Fa-

thers of the Society of the Divine Word have been laboring successfully in Togoland in Africa, teaching their black converts the Christian religion and the arts of life. The sons of St. Francis have brought the light of faith and material prosperity to the Navahos of Arizona, following in this the example of their illustrious brethren—Junipero Serra and Salvatierra. The Oblates are working successfully for the spiritual and social uplift among the Denes of British Columbia. Men like De Smet, Father Morice, O. M. I., Bishop Marty, who labored among the Sioux, were not only missionaries of the "good tidings" but apostles of charity and promoters of social peace and happiness.

The social work of the religious orders forms one of the most instructive chapters in the history of the Church.

Why Expect the Impossible?

(Continued from page 74)

amine the coat again. Their faces blanched when she shrieked with sudden rage,

"Oh! oh! oh! of all things! There's an ugly scorched spot on the sleeve! My costly coat is ruined! Evidently, you forgot a hot iron and left it standing for a long time! I'll sue you for damages!" Helen declared stamping her foot.

"He ain't got the wallvut!" screeched the parrot from his cage as Helen staggered helplessly against the counter. "I tell you, lady," he chuckled, "for sure, he ain't got the wallvut!"

A Parish Visitation

(Continued from page 80)

ways strike me as intensely sweet and sad, as though they were rare visitors. Perhaps her sister—but I better not tell—only she never comes near a priest, though she was baptized a Catholic.

And now we will part, my friend. How like you my parish? Few children, all the growing-up boys and girls keeping company with some one outside the church, few communions, few services. Do you blame me if at times something icy seems to approach my heart and lay discouragement on me? I know the evil man that has sown these tares—I know the anti-Christ that is destroying my vineyard: mixed marriages.

Places of Worship in Switzerland

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music must hear this wonderful instrument themselves, to appreciate the various effects it can be made to produce. Built in 1824-34 by Al. Mooser, whose bust has been placed to the left of the entrance, it has 74 stops and 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet in length. There may be more powerful organs in Europe, but none surpasses this one in its marvelous purity of tone. The ringing peals of praise that fall, refined and rarefied, from the vaulted ceiling, the golden, angelic arpeggios that are whispered through the carved stalls, or the plaintive tones of prayer that penetrate to the very altars of the side chapels, they leave a perpetual echo in the human soul.

(To be continued)

The Watchman of the Tower

(Continued from page 78)

because of a friendly spirit towards the Sisters and the lure of several pieces of gold placed in their hands by two gentlemen on horseback who had been for some time awaiting their arrival and who had been the means of securing the carts. These gentlemen were relatives of the Mother Superior, but through fear of detection, had assumed the appearance of southern Spaniards, having stained their skin and secured false beards, very black and heavy. They saluted the religious with great respect, and assisted them to mount the carts, after which they rode rapidly away in one direction, while the carts were driven into the country to a point where the fugitives took ship for a foreign land.

When they had disappeared André returned to town and once more sought the Convent. Not an hour had elapsed since the Sisters had left it, but already a bonfire was burning in the garden, where the pillagers were placing such articles as they could not use or dispose of. All the windows were open and the noise of loud singing and dreadful blasphemies could plainly be heard.

"Happy are the dead!" murmured the poor, lonely watchman—as he slowly mounted the steps of his tower.

(To be continued)



THE SACRED HEART FOR THE WORLD — THE WORLD FOR THE SACRED HEART

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

The Needs of the Missions

The salvation of many souls depends upon the interest we take in the missions. Therefore it behooves us to give our attention to the appeals that come from the missionary fields at home and abroad. As one of the chief objects of the C. S. M. C. is to enlighten the public concerning the conditions prevailing in the various missions we have requested *THE GRAIL* to print Mgr. Reiners' letter, which reads as follows:

Kanazawa, Japan, February 1920.

Reverend and Dear Father:

It is the extreme need of our missions which urges me to appeal to your generosity.

Our mission on the northwestern coast of Japan, established in the year 1912, represents a territory of 17,500 square miles and a population of six million heathens. Our mission work had a hopeful beginning. It was through the war that we were handicapped in every respect. Cut off from Europe, we had to have recourse, for the support of our missions, to extraordinary means, such as availing ourselves of the funds that were given us and intended for the maintenance of our orphans, the selling of lots belonging to the missions, and the making of loans. But these resources were soon exhausted. Then the generosity of the American Catholics saved the missions from utter failure. However, during the last year these contributions have not sufficed for even our most urgent needs.

Our mission is one of the poorest. Our annual budget amounts to eight thousand dollars. This is supposed to defray the expenses for the maintenance of 14 missionaries, 12 sisters, 7 catechists, 10 mission stations, a seminary, an industrial school for girls, an orphanage, a school for men catechists, a school for women catechists; and to this must be added the expenses for taxes, repairs, journeys in the interest of the missions, propaganda, etc., etc. Thus far, our Fathers and Sisters have found it possible to get along with a monthly allowance of fifteen and seven dollars respectively. At the present outlook, it is utterly impossible to carry on successfully a work as extensive as ours at an expense which scarcely exceeds that of the average parish in the United States; for it must be borne in mind that our mission extends over an area of 17,500 square miles with a population of six millions; and moreover, that the cost of living is about as high in Japan as it is in America.

I know that there are people in America who think that the mission work in Japan does not pay; but they forget that we had not the means at our disposal absolutely necessary to carry on the work properly.

Practically our mission is still quite young; new establishments are indispensable, whilst those already in existence need much improvement. To give an example: only to establish and properly equip our central station of Niigata,—at present cost of land and materials,—forty thousand dollars would scarcely suffice. Besides, in other places additional ground

will have to be purchased, new buildings erected, and old ones repaired.

Moreover, of paramount necessity is the organization of propaganda work, and the education of native priests, catechists and teachers. Besides, there is the crying need of organizing the press work, and of establishing several institutions of charity and education, so necessary for the spreading of the Gospel.

You may imagine how very sad it is for a missionary, who sacrifices his life to save souls, on his coming to the mission field to find out that he can not accomplish his life's purpose, for the only reason that the material means are lacking. And the situation is aggravated, if, as is the case with us here, he sees his best efforts frustrated by the powerful propaganda of the Protestant missionaries with millions of good American dollars at their disposal and an army of native helpers to assist them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the heathen nations can be converted by the missionaries alone. Two thirds of the work must be done by the faithful in the home lands. Without the liberal support of the Catholics at home the sacrifices of the missionaries count for nothing.

So I dare to ask you, Dear Father, for the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who longs so much for the salvation of all souls, kindly to aid our needy mission with as generous a donation as your circumstances may permit. May God bless you for whatever you can do for us.

Very gratefully yours in Christ,

MGR. JOSEPH REINERS,

Prefect Apostolic of Niigata, Japan

Residence: Kanazawa-shi, Hirosakadori 47, Catholic Mission, Japan.

Mgr. Reiners directs that alms be forwarded to the above address, or to Rev. Fr. Reichelt, S. V. D., Techny, Ill., with the remark: *For the Niigata Mission, Japan.*

The above letter explains the circumstances of one foreign mission which is, beyond doubt, deserving of our assistance.

The Precious Blood

Since July is dedicated to the Precious Blood of Jesus, it is an opportune time for each crusader to fulfill his special duty to the missions. No doubt all know that this duty is one of prayer. Dear Crusaders, do not neglect this opportunity to entreat the aid of the Precious Blood for the missions. Pray that It may strengthen the priests who are giving their lives for that holy cause, for which It was shed upon the cross. So, during this summer month, let us, each day, implore the Precious Blood to fill the hearts of the Christians with charity and to give the grace of faith to those who wander outside the protecting arms of the Mother Church.

August 6, 7, and 8 are the days set for the Second Annual National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Washington, D. C.

Secular Oblates of St. Benedict

REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

The Oblate and the Holy Liturgy

(After Abbot Gueranger)

Abbot Gueranger now proceeds to speak of the Oblate's attachment to the liturgy of holy Mother Church. "They will take an interest," he says, "in the Feasts of the Church, and even in the rubrics she observes. Every week they will ascertain under the protection of what Saint each of its days is placed. The Liturgical Calendar, with which, in the ages of faith, our forefathers were so familiar; the lives of the Saints themselves, the attributes with which the Church has from ancient times approved that they should be represented, shall be known to them; and should they have any influence on the education of the young, they will take pleasure in inculcating in their youthful charges the pious tendencies which were popular in the ages of faith."

In these words are contained many and profitable lessons. In the first place, we are told to "take an interest" in the Feasts of the Church. The holy liturgy of the Church is her interior life; from day to day she celebrates now this feast, now that. These feasts are occasioned principally by some event in the life of our Lord or the Saints, or by the fact that some mortal has lived such a holy life as to be worthy of remembrance on a set day of the year. In good Catholic families is always to be found at least one good book treating of these feasts. Moreover, this book is read,—either in the common circle, by the mother or the father, or privately, as time or circumstances may allow. However, wise parents will not expect that the little children they are raising will of themselves read such edifying matter; no, man is prone to evil from his youth, and, unless he be urged on to the reading of good things, he will spend his time on worthless novels and superficial newspapers. The parents who make it a point to read a little every day to their children, from the Lives of the Saints, benefit their young minds exceedingly and train them up in the fear of God, and, moreover, thereby let the water of God's unction flow over their own souls! There is nothing like being continually reminded of the good and the holy! For we are by this means strengthened in virtue and dissuaded from following in the ways of evil.

Parents often complain that their children have no good companion with whom to associate. There are plenty of companions in the pages of good books, where the characters of God's servants are described and treated of at length, offering to the simplest mind a very treasury of instruction and good example. Thousands upon thousands of people are ruined by the associations formed in books! There they meet with—alas—one evil character after another, with men and women who, not to say, are not virtuous, but who are downright sinners, whose evils and wicked habits, in-

stead of being hidden from the eyes of the young ones, as they ought to be, are put to open show,—as if to steep oneself in pitch were the best way in which to remain clean!

Parents not only have a duty to see that their offspring are kept away from bad reading, but are also in conscience bound to see that they are educated to the good. How much—how terribly much—is here neglected! And by otherwise worthy parents too! It is no wonder there is so much apostasy from our holy faith! Or do we think that the lives of the Saints are out of date? Foolish conclusion! If those holy lives are out of date, then Christ's passion is out of date, the crucifix is out of date, the doctrine of our Lord "Come ye after me," is out of date. If we wish to look down upon the lives of the Saints, then we might as well become heathens; for we are such in heart already. No; let us never allow such unhallowed thoughts to enter into our hearts or homes, but keep alive there that holy fire which, burning like a flame of love, whispers to us ever: "Never forget those who went before: they have shown the way."

Indulgences on the Medal of St. Benedict

(1) JULY 2. Feast of the Visitation of the Bl. V. Mary. Seven years and seven quarantines for both medals; the same, if the Papal blessing is attached.

(2) JULY 11. Solemnity of St. Benedict. One plenary indulgence for the Jubilee medal.

(3) JULY 16. Feast of Mt. Carmel. Same as on July 2.

(4) JULY 25. Feast of St. James, Apostle. 7 years and 7 quarantines for both medals. Also a plenary indulgence, if Papal blessing is attached.

NOTE: On July 15 occurs the Feast of St. Henry, Patron of the Oblates, on which day a plenary indulgence may be gained by all Oblates, under the usual conditions.

A Heroine of the Family Circle

(Continued from page 79)

pattern in the Ven. Adelaide Cini, who was renowned for her unbounded charity towards the unfortunate. The sick, prisoners, orphans, illegitimate children, and fallen women were the constant objects of her care. She died on March 28, 1885.

God grant that these holy women may find many worthy followers to stem the tide that is making such alarming inroads upon the sanctuary of the home today.

C.

Notes of General Interest

From the Field of Science

—Imagine the type-setter of THE GRAIL selecting the words from 5,000 small boxes and you will have an idea of the difficulty that confronts the printer of a Chinese newspaper. The writer of a Chinese letter has the same difficulty,—the word *spoon*, for instance, requires seventeen different strokes of the brush to complete it. The trial of the literate Chinese promise to disappear with the recent invention of an alphabet and a typewriter to write it.

—A Wisconsin manufacturer has introduced a new air-hose stand which will keep the hose for supplying air off the ground and out of the way of the easily provoked pedestrian. It will also make the filling of tires easier, there being no questionable sport of unraveling a mile of hose. A suitable length of hose dangles within reaching distance, from a long pipe extending upward from a cast iron base about six feet high. The pipe is attached to the base by a flexible spring and may be drawn downward and outward to fill any desired tire, being swung over the automobile for the outer tires.

—The most daring and comprehensive flood prevention project in this country is nearing completion in Ohio near Dayton. This city, which suffered much from the flood in 1913, combining with state and local authorities, has erected five large dams at a cost of twenty-five million dollars. The flood prevention plan is unique. Normally, the dams will retain no water, a spillway or opening through the dams allowing a little more than the usual flow of the streams to pass. But in time of flood, the spillway will not accommodate the greater flow, and the surplus water backs up behind the dams.

—The increasing scarcity of coal and oil suggests the electrification of the railroads as a possible help to reduce the fuel shortage. Data of actual operation by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway on its electrified Rocky Mountain Division show that a like electrification of all steam roads in the United States would mean the saving of 176,000,000 tons of coal per year.

—Scientific gardening for raising garden truck independently of the usual uncertainties is proposed by Alexandre Livvental in Switzerland. The usual greenhouse would scarcely recognize the proposed hygienic brother, the birth of years of practical gardening and experiment. In the improved greenhouse, besides the usual regulation of heat and moisture, we find light, ventilation and electricity under perfect control. The air, for instance, is completely purified and sterilized before being fed under the loam beds to ventilate the soil, then to pass upwards to the plants under the large glass dome.

—It is reported that France produces more now than before the war. The increase is due to the doubling of electric power service. The rapid reconstruction of

European countries is counted as one of the most hopeful factors for the near reduction of the high cost of living.

—The U. S. Navy has placed orders for two of the largest dirigible balloons in the world.

—Relief, at least in small measure, from the present nation-wide housing shortage, is promised in the wrecking of a score or more of our large military cantonments. Camp Merritt near New York City, has alone yielded 30,000,000 board feet of usable lumber, 20,000 doors, 5,000 toilet articles, 1,000 tons of iron pipe, 24 tons of electrical wiring, 1,500 hot air furnaces.

—Electric arc welding is increasing in the number of its applications. Recently the steel frame work for a new building in Brooklyn was not riveted but welded together.

—A. H. Smith, President of the New York Central Railroad, states that this country is short 100,000 freight cars, 4,000 passenger cars, and 2,000 locomotives.

—From 520 degrees below zero to 5,000 degrees above,—the latter close to the heat of the sun,—is the range of temperature stored in a single building, the General Electric Research Laboratory. Here is gathered an organization of inventors whose payroll and expenditures last year amounted to 900,000 dollars. It illustrates the union of science and industry in the modern business world. This laboratory has not only developed ductile tungsten for every sort of incandescent lamp, and the argon gas for making the larger lamps more efficient; it has done far more for industry. It has made the rectifier by which any owner of an electric automobile or storage battery may charge his own batteries by using the electric light socket of his own garage. It has improved wireless telephony by producing the pliotron, a radio tube of tremendous efficiency. It has invented the Coolidge X-ray tube, which has made the X-ray what it is today.

—The Portaphone, a wireless telephone complete in a portable case some twelve inches high, can reproduce wireless signals within a range of fifteen miles. When equipped with a loud speaking telephone and horn, it opens up many possibilities. For instance, in the morning, a digest of the day's news might be sent from a central station to be received and digested by a family at breakfast, whether the *paterfamilias* has the paper or not. This might offer a way for a pastor to reach some of his sheep to whom a sermon is an unaccustomed sound.

—A stamp-vending machine has been attached to the mail boxes in Toronto, Canada.

—Tapping the power line to keep the auto warm is a novelty from Canada. An electric heater for the radiator of an automobile can be plugged by means of a cord into current taps at convenient places throughout the city. An annual fee to the electric company secures the proper key and connections.

—Motor truck traffic has introduced fresh problems

for road building. Road construction for buggies and wagons is too light for heavy motor-truck traffic. The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads is testing various types of roads to secure construction data for engineers. Heavy weights arranged on springs and rubber, just as had on trucks, are allowed to fall repeatedly on the test slabs and the results are recorded. One such test included forty-nine kinds of road material.

—"Reaching the ceiling" on the ground is possible in a special laboratory of the Bureau of Standards at Washington. In aviators' parlance, to 'hit the ceiling' means to reach the highest possible altitude. At such heights the engine, owing to the thin air, acts much like the human heart: it thumps violently against the lessened resistance. The Bureau of Standards has created all the conditions of a trip above the clouds by enclosing the engine in a small chamber, where it is possible to vary the air pressure at will.

—Photographs of cities, taken from airplanes, are now used in geographies, lectures on travel, etc.

—Care for small things has brought fortunes for the inventor. Iron blast-furnaces were known to turn out more iron in winter than in summer. Experiment showed that the warmer air of summer, used for the blast, was charged with more moisture which in turn required more heat. The air is now cooled to drive out the moisture and a saving of one to two dollars a ton on the cost of iron is obtained.

—A school that expands in size to meet the needs of greater attendance is promised by the "unit plan." The unit plan substitutes for the usual large factory-like building a series of cottage schoolrooms clustered around a central campus. When another class room is needed, another small building is erected.

—Phonograph records are now sold by telephone. An amplifier is placed between the phonograph and the telephone, the desired record is played, the prospective purchaser listens at her home, where the selection is made.

—A new giant of the air is the Aviatik airplane with a wing span of about 400 feet. It carries twenty-two passengers with baggage.

—A fly trap that draws its victim to death has been invented by an Ohio man. An electric fan produces a suction strong enough to draw the flies into a net bag.

—The recent flight by airplane from London to the Cape of Good Hope, a distance of 10,000 miles, has shown areas of dangerous and stormy air like to dangerous and stormy sea. Careful charting of the air is necessary before regular overland traffic can be achieved with safety and on schedule time.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—More than 2000 Christian Brothers saw active service in the recent war and of this number 400 laid down their lives in the cause.

—On June 8, 9, and 10, the Archdiocese of Chicago celebrated, together with its seventy-fifth anniversary, the silver sacerdotal jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop

Mundelein. The Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Gibbons, many archbishops, bishops, and other dignitaries took part in the celebration.

—A formula for blessing aeroplanes has been approved by the Holy Father, who has designated Our Lady of Loretto patroness of aeronauts.

—The International Gregorian Congress, under direction of Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B., and Dom Augustin Gataud, O. S. B., monks of Solesme, met in New York, June 8 and 9. The congress was a grand demonstration and a great success. The singing of the Ordinary of the Mass in Gregorian chant by 4000 children was most impressive. We trust that the congress may give a fresh impetus to Gregorian Chant in our churches.

—On May 10 the Rev Martin F. Fahey, chaplain of the Actor's Guild of America, offered up a Requiem Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, for deceased actors and actresses. Over 600 professional actors attended the Mass.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hartley, D. D., of Columbus, O., has founded a Diocesan Home and Foreign Mission Society for the aid of all needy missions at home and abroad. A branch of this society has been established in each parish and mission of the diocese. We are happy to see the mission spirit encouraged and fostered in our country, which is apparently just coming forth from its swaddling clothes.

—In spite of vigorous opposition by the Anglican bishop of Liverpool, the York Convocation has reinserted "All Soul's Day" in its calendar. There was an overwhelming majority in favor of the measure and only eight votes against it. The Anglicans are slowly moving Romewards.

—Catholicity is making progress in the West. Since his installation as Ordinary of the diocese of Lead, S. D., four years ago, Bishop Lawler has organized twenty-seven parishes, built 100 churches, and four parochial schools. The contract for a fifth school has been let by the Rev. John Frei, who is pastor at Lemmon, S. D.

—The Church in Bohemia is greatly afflicted. The government is oppressing her; unworthy priests, who have renounced their allegiance, are persecuting her; loyal priests have scarcely enough clothing, such as it is, to cover their bodies. One suit of clothes costs more than they receive in two years as salary. Besides this they must endure hunger.

—The Bridgettine Nuns of Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, England, have celebrated the 500th anniversary of the first vows made in their abbey.

—Early in July the Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., editor of the *Queen's Work*, will set sail for Europe to spend a year abroad.

—It is rumored that the cause of the canonization of Kateri Tekakwaita, the "Lily of the Mohawks," may be taken up soon. The cause has been delayed by lack of funds needed to meet the expense of taking testimony. This saintly virgin will undoubtedly be the first real, 100 per cent. American to be raised to the altars of the Church.

—This year the Premonstratensians, or Order of St. Norbert, are celebrating the eighth centenary of the founding of their Order. In this country the Order has its provincial house at De Pere, Wis.

—Very Rev. S. A. Clarke, pastor of Holy Family Church, Columbus, O., died recently while at the altar celebrating Mass. Father Clarke was one of the founders of the *Catholic Columbian*, of which he was editor for ten years.

—The Crozier Fathers are to found an establishment in the diocese of St. Cloud.

—We read that, out of 12,000 contestants for the prize offered for the best essay on the benefits of enlistment in the U. S. Army, a student of Notre Dame Academy, Washington, D. C., carried off the honors. While we note with pleasure that our parochial schools captured very many of the prizes in the national competition, yet we regret that the underlying motive was propaganda to which many of our citizens would not subscribe.

—Rev. J. R. Buck, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Salem, Ore., a convert to the faith, has a unique way of bringing the doctrine of the Church before the general public. Each week he buys at the regular advertising rates prominent space in the local papers and devotes this space to the explanation of some fundamental Catholic doctrine.

—Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, was the prime mover in creating, for the insurance of churches and other diocesan property, a Diocesan Interinsurance Exchange with a capital of \$125,000. The sum of \$50,00 is the maximum that will be accepted on any one risk.

—There is a movement on foot to erect in Rome a church in honor of the newly canonized St. Margaret Mary Alacoque. The church is to be built by Americans. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is collecting alms for the purpose.

—During the past six months, owing to the exceedingly high cost of labor and printing materials, 300 dailies and 1200 weekly newspapers are said to have suspended publication.

—From its various departments the St. Louis University graduated 195 men this year.

—The mother of Archbishop Dougherty, of Philadelphia, died early in June at the advanced age of 92.

Eucharistic

—A chaplain in the English navy says that of the 120,000 inhabitants of Malta 100,000 hear Mass every morning.

—It was an edifying sight recently to see 2000 police of the Holy Name Society approach the Holy Table in a body at Our Lady of Lourdes' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—At Formes, in the diocese of Salamanca, Spain, a great Eucharistic conference was held recently. The Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of the various dioceses of the kingdom were in attendance. During the solemn triduum in the Cathedral Mass on one of the days was celebrated according to the Mozarabic rite.

Benedictine

—On May 29, the Rt. Rev. Joseph McGrath, D. D., Bishop of Baker City, Oregon, ordained, in the Cathedral of St. James, two clerics of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash., Francis Driscoll, O. S. B., and Andrew Dawn, O. S. B.

—The Trappist community at New Melleray, Iowa, near Dubuque, is, according to report, to be reenforced by fifty monks from France. At present the community has eighteen members.

—On Sunday, June 6, St. Joseph's Church, Owensboro, Ky., of which the Rev. Eugene Spiess, O. S. B., is pastor, observed its golden jubilee. The Rt. Rev. Abbot Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad, Ind., was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass on the occasion. The Rev. Dominic Barthel, rector of St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary, preached a splendid sermon on Faith. Two secular priests of the city and a number of Benedictines took part in the solemn ceremonies.

—One by one the old Orders are returning to Cambridge University. The Benedictines of Downside Abbey, Bath, have established themselves in a house at Park Terrace. Dom Bede Camm is their superior.

—The devil seems bent on abolishing as many missions as he can enlist men to destroy. Such have always been his tactics. Bishop Spreiter, O. S. B., who, together with thirty-one priests, brothers, and sisters, was permitted to remain at Dar es Salaam, East Africa, has finally been expelled by the British government. This latest act of violence is in direct opposition to the promise made by the peace council to Msgr. Ceretti.

—*Tabernacle and Purgatory*, published by the Sisters of the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, at Clyde, Mo., which in the past was issued only eight times in the year, now appears monthly at \$1.00 for twelve months. *Tabernacle and Purgatory*, which has just entered upon its sixteenth year, is a splendid, strictly religious paper, illustrated with artistic half-tone engravings.

—On June 9 occurred the silver jubilee of the ordination of the Rev. Francis Schoeppner, O. S. B., chaplain *pro tem.* of the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand, Ind.

—The Benedictine Educational Association meets at St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., the first week in July.

After receiving the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, we become as terrible to the devils as a furious lion is to man.—St. Chrysostom.

A Prayer

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

Oh Pilot of the Gallilean Lake,
My thoughts, my actions, and my prayers do take,
Oh Pilot of the Gallilean Lake,
My faults forgive, my blurred past unmake—
Oh Pilot of the Gallilean Lake,
Unveil Thy light when crested waters shake!

The Catholic Federation of Arts

The PURPOSE of the Catholic Federation of Arts:

1. To bring together for discussion, consultation and coöperation Catholic artists and lovers of Christian art. The federation embraces architects, mural painters, sculptors, altar builders, lace workers, workers in metal, stained glass and mosaics; in fine, all who are engaged and interested in the noble work of erecting and beautifying the house of God.
2. To draw up such a constitution as will embody laws and principles conducive to the proper development of true Christian art.
3. To discuss and foster knowledge of and appreciation for Catholic art.
4. To safeguard the spiritual welfare of Catholic art students.

United Action of Art Workers

The urgent need of concerted action on the part of art workers is felt by all. Undoubtedly there are artists and architects who are fully alive to their responsibility for the talents received from the Most High and hence desire to use them in His service. Individually these can achieve little, but united they may accomplish much. It is therefore the aim of the Catholic Federation of Arts to call upon all these noble-minded men and women to unite and with united efforts to promote the cause of Christian art.

Guiding Principles of the Federation

While the happy condition of the glorious Middle Ages is not feasible at the present time, at least the spirit of the ancient guilds may be revived and embodied into the forthcoming constitution of the federation.

The guilds in the Middle Ages were deeply religious. The observance of the Lord's Day was strictly enforced. In many art academies students guilty of any offense against morality were suspended for a time and even punished by expulsion. Immorality was never tolerated. In the "Book of Admonitions" we read: "Let the societies and brotherhoods so regulate their lives according to Christian love in all things that their work may be blessed. Let us work according to God's law, and not for reward, else shall our labor be without blessing and bring evil on our souls."

"Nothing is too good for our Eucharistic Lord" ought to be the common sentiment of the federation. Therefore its members pledge themselves to produce works that are honest, enduring and artistic, for shams and tinsels have no place in the temple of truth.

Let us frame a constitution in the spirit of the ancient guilds and we shall have no difficulty in securing the sanction and the support of the Catholic hierarchy.

Promoting Knowledge and Appreciation of Catholic Art

This can be done by establishing local centres or chapters throughout the country. Educators of the present day consider art a valuable factor in the thorough education of youth and heartily endorse it. There is no reason why local centres could not be established in all Catholic colleges and academies. Such art centres should be of exceptional value in our ecclesiastical seminaries.

The publication of a monthly bulletin is a powerful medium for disseminating knowledge of Christian Art.

This bulletin is intended to benefit the art public at large. It will therefore contain only art topics of general interest, reports of the activities of our local art centres, information bureau, etc. It will also serve as a medium for all members of the federation to express their honest opinions. The Catholic Art Federa-

tion will also consider the advisability of circulating illustrated lectures and of sending out traveling exhibitions as a means of promoting knowledge and appreciation of Catholic art.

Adequate Protection for the Spiritual Welfare of Catholic Art Students

Members of the federation living in cities where an art school is situated are to take deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the Catholic art students.

As far as possible they are exhorted to establish relations as they existed during the flourishing times of the guilds, when the master took the place of the father, and watched over the morals as well as the work of his apprentices.

Preliminary Work of Organizing the Federation

1. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Ps. 126. Realizing the vanity of all human endeavors, it behooves us to implore the Most High for guidance and strength.

2. The common sentiment of the Catholic people finds expression in the words of the Psalmist: "I have loved, O Lord, the adornment of Thy house and the place of the habitation of Thy glory," and consequently are anxious to promote and support this present movement. They may do so by securing membership in the Catholic Federation of Arts. As members they have a right to express their views unreservedly; in fact, they are requested to make such suggestions and recommendations as will be of benefit to the federation. All suggestions are tabulated, and will form the basis for discussion.

3. The Catholic press, ever willing to espouse a good cause, will no doubt give publicity to this movement, and in editorial comments explain to their readers the object of the federation.

4. The Studio of Christian Art, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., will *pro tem.* serve as the clearing house for all members of the federation.

5. The annual membership due is \$1.00. The money derived from dues will be used to defray the expenses of printing the monthly bulletin, postage, and other items needed for organizing the federation.

6. The members are likewise requested to state their occupation, and if possible, to indicate in what capacity or in what way they may be able to serve the interest of the Catholic Federation of Arts.

All dues and communications should be addressed to: Studio of Christian Art, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Help of Christians

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

Adown the centuries since that dread day

When from the Cross whereon, exalted high,

The gentle Christ prepared at length to die

There came the legacy can none gainsay,

"Behold thy Mother"—thy counsellor and stay,

The Christian world has never known ally

So potent and so prompt to hear its cry

As her whose special feast falls in the May.

O Help of Christians through the ages stern

When pagan hordes and Crescent soldiers fierce

Recoiled before the name, constrained to learn

No power can through Mary's phalanx pierce,

Help now each struggling soul 'gainst Satan's odds,

And let each sing thy triumph—thine and God's.



Children's Corner

Agnes Brown Hering



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—July is called the Month of the Most Precious Blood. In Holy Communion we have the wonderful privilege of receiving Our Lord's Most Precious Blood. We should keep pure in both soul and body since we know that we receive the Holy of Holies. Jesus is willing and eager to be received by sinful creatures. He desires that we receive His Precious Blood in Holy Communion. If we receive the Precious Blood as we ought, it will impart to our souls all heavenly gifts and graces.

Come, Oh dear Jesus, Come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils. Enrich it with all Thy goods. It desires ardently to receive Thee. Amen.

O Sacred Blood of Christ!
Blood of a Savior slain!
O Blood which alone sufficed
To wipe out earth's dark stain!
Strengthen us, guide our souls,
O'er life's unlighted way,
Till the night-cloud backward rolls
At the dawn of an endless day.

SELECTED.

Racing to Confession—Guilty?

It was before the first Mass on Sunday morning. Quite a number had come early in order that they might go to confession before Mass. Among the number were children, the middle aged, and one old man with silver hair and trembling step. The children and young people watched the chance to get into the front seat nearest the confessional. As soon as one entered the confessional, there were half a dozen ready, half standing, half kneeling, to almost run to the front seat. The church began to fill with worshippers. It was nearly time for Mass to begin and soon the priest must leave the confessional. At length the old man arose with difficulty and after several unsuccessful attempts went into the front seat.

When the penitent came out of the confessional, he arose to go in his turn and a young man, we cannot say gentleman, came from behind him and dodged into the confessional ahead of him. He tried a second time and another young smart Aleck with quickened pace again beat him. Finally the poor old man remained standing until he was able to get into the confessional. It would have been a hardship for this old man to have waited till after Mass. He was too feeble to fast so long while these young persons could easily have done so.

Shame upon the young people who are so lacking in gentleness, courtesy, and refinement as to pay such

disrespect to old age at any time, and especially when they are about to approach the Holy Table and receive their Lord and God. But when the grown-ups run races to the confessional what can we expect of the children?

Freedom's Blood

July! for Julius Caesar named—

First emperor of Rome—

Whose blood was spilled by Brutus' hand
Beneath the statehouse dome.

July the Fourth proclaims the birth
Of Freedom's holy cause;

For this our Fathers fought and bled—
To loose the lion's claws.

July is sacred to the Blood
Of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who gave His life in our behalf
On Calv'ry's reddened sward.

For Freedom's sake did Brutus strike—
He aimed a fatal blow.

For Freedom, too, our Fathers fell
Upon the crimsoned snow.

For Freedom from the bonds of sin,
Our Savior, crucified,

From many wounds that pierced Him through,
Poured forth His Blood and died.

A. HUYSER.

Sir Galahad Enters the Ship

In the ship, Sir Galahad found a wonderful sword which was drawn half a foot or more out of the sheath. Sir Percivale tried to pull the sword from the sheath, but could not. Likewise Sir Bors tried and failed. Then Galahad examined the sword and read these words, "Let no one try to draw me out of my sheath unless he be braver than any other; for if such a one draweth me he shall bring great shame to his body, or be wounded to death."

"The offence is too great," said Galahad, "therefore I shall not draw this sword out of the sheath."

Then Sir Percivale's sister told Galahad he was the one person who could draw out the sword.

Upon closer examination they found these letters on the scabbard, "He who shall wield me ought to be braver than any other, if he bear me truly as I ought to be borne, for he by whose body I ought to hang shall never be ashamed while he is girt with this girdle. And let no one be so rash and do away with this

girdle for it should not be done away except by a maid who is a King's daughter."

Then the sister of Sir Percivale told them a story of how this ship had been built by King Solomon and how this sword had belonged to King David and that it was ordained that a new girdle should be made for the sword at some future time by a maid who was a king's daughter.

"By the leave of God, I have made a girdle as belongs to this sword," said Percivale's sister. Then she opened a box and took out girdles which looked as if they were made of gold threads and set full of precious stones and a rich buckle of gold. "Here is the girdle that ought to sustain the sword. The greatest part of this is made of my hair, which I loved well when I was a woman of the world. But as soon as I knew that this adventure was ordained me, I clipped off my hair and made this girdle." They then said to Galahad, "In the name of Jesus Christ, we pray you to gird yourself with this sword."

Sir Galahad drew the sword from the sheath, and the maiden put the girdle about it and said, "Now, I care not if I die, for I hold myself one of the blessed maidens of the world which hath made the worthiest knight of the world."

"Damsel," said Galahad, "you have done so much that I shall be your knight all the days of my life."

Then they went from this wonderful ship back to the one from whence they had come and the wind drove them rapidly into the sea.

The Prayers

I was in heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he

Who was ordained unto such ministry
Should sort them, so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly light;
For they were like to bowers of various bloom:
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling rose,
And from the tangled press

Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master": so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:—
"Whence is this rose? O, thou of cherubim
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said and smiled,
"This is the first prayer of a little child!"

REV. THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

An Act of Adoration

Say this prayer as soon as you have received Holy Communion.

My Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee, really present within me. I join in the profound adoration which the angels and saints pay Thee in Heaven, and I offer to the Most Blessed Trinity all those homages, which Thou, Thyself, dost render in the Holy Sacrament.

The Angels are Glad

"O, mamma, dear, I know tonight
The angels are so glad;
But yesterday, I think, they must
Have been so very sad.

"You know that stranger's little boy
That lives across the way?
I heard him say such naughty words
As I passed yesterday.

"I know the angels heard him, too,
Because they always look
To see how children here behave,
Then write it in a book.

"He never goes to Sunday-School;
His mother, she is dead;
Nor, never, never, gets to hear
Our Guardian Angel read.

"And so today I took him mine,
And gave it him to see,
Because I thought within his heart
A love for it might be.

"And when he'd read it, every word,
The tears crept down his cheek;
'I'm sorry that I've been so bad,'
I heard him softly speak.

"I knew the angels heard him too,
And flew right up to Heaven
To take the bad from off their book
And write there: 'He's forgiven.'

"When we do wrong, if we repent,
And to Confession go,
The Angels love to take the stain
From off their books, I know.

"They tune their golden harps afresh,
And sing in sweetest tone,
A soul is saved, a soul is saved,
Close to the Heavenly Throne."

MAY THORNLEY.

The United States Flag with Fifteen Stripes

The flag as originally adopted by congress June 14, 1777, consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen stars, the thirteen in each case corresponding to the thirteen colonies engaged in the Revolutionary War. When Vermont and Kentucky were added to the union of states, Congress, in 1794, increased the number of stripes and stars both to fifteen. This act went into effect May 1, 1795, and from that time until July 4, 1817, that was the style of the flag, fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. A bill to reduce the number of stripes to the original thirteen and to add one star for each state admitted became law July 4, 1817.—*Exchange.*

Let Him Whistle

Golly! Let him whistle, mother!
 He's just a boy—that's all.—
 Let him be one while he can you'll find it pays.
 Jolly little baby brother!
 When the shadows fall
 You'll be wishin' he was back in boyhood days!
 If you'd been in France and seen
 All the things that I have seen—
 Baby faces that will never
 Baby faces be again—
 Say! You wouldn't check that whistle
 For a million iron men!

Lordy! mother, let him holler!
 He's not hurting anything;
 And he's careless as a puppy—
 Just that gay.
 Dirty shirt, without a collar—
 Never was a king
 Happy as that baby yonder, yelling at his play.
 Little buddies over there—
 Solemn eyes and tangled hair—
 Ten years old? That's still a baby!
 What he's doin' baby stuff!
 And the dignity of manhood
 Will be comin' quick enough!

Let him yell and squeal and whistle,
 Rollin' in the sand;
 Let him have the freedom of the whole back lot.
 Things that hurt like thorn o' thistle
 Workin' in your hand—
 You'll be wishin' some time that those things were
 not!
 When I think of babies—old
 From the things that can't be told—
 And then look at him a dancin'.
 Singin', shoutin', in his joy;
 Don't put out a hand to stop him!
 Mother—let him be a boy.

LIFE.

The Case of Jim

Paw's a callin' from the corn patch,
 Callin' loud,
 "Jim, yer hulkin' stupid loafer,
 Time yer plowed."

Maw's a callin' from the milk house,
 Callin' stern,
 "Jim, yer lazy good-fer-nuthin',
 Come ap' churn."

Natur's callin' from the trout brook,
 Callin' swish,
 "Jim, yer pore tired, sleepy feller,
 Come an' fish."

Stranger, if we jest swapped places,
 Put it clear,
 Which, of all the three a callin',
 Would you hear?

SELECTED.

Letter Box

The following letter from the Immaculate Conception School at Stephan, S. D., was written by a little Indian maiden whose name is Sophia Touch.

I live in Stephan, South Dakota, on the Crow Creek Reservation. The country around here is all prairie and the only places we see trees is around the river and creeks. We can look for miles and miles and not see anything but level prairie. We don't see many hills except down by the river is the only place we see big hills and deep brakes. The Missouri River is about eight miles south of Stephan. There are thick woods along the river side.

We live fifteen miles north of the agency in the country. But the country around here is not very good for farming. It is mostly good for raising cattle and horses, though there are some farms. There are a great many cattle ranches out here. There is one ranch not very far from here and others scattered around.

We don't have much rain out here in the summer but in the spring we have lots of rain, and the winters are cold and long. The grass grows and is cut in the summer and sometimes in the fall too. They put up the hay for the cattle and horses for winter.—We had early winter this year and had some blizzards too.

We all go to school here at Stephan and we have vacation in the summer. I like it at home in summer because everything is nice in the country. Although the country is not very good for farming, we all have plenty of gardens and raise vegetables.

As the country is all level, the roads are all made so nice that there are cars going around at all times. Highmore is our nearest town and is 22 miles north of our place. The mail carrier comes here three times in a week. He comes from Highmore and goes back around by Peno. Now this place is a post office northeast of here.

I like winter, too, as we can go sleigh riding and go skating down to the creek as we are living near a creek.

As this is the first time I am writing a composition I will not say very much this time.

SOPHIA TOUCH.

Children's Cute Sayings

"Mother, will we go to Heaven in an airship when we die?"

"Why do you ask child?"

"'Cause Father Smith said today that mortal sin deprives us of the airship (heirship) to Heaven."

"Which are the three persons of the Blessed Trinity?"

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

"Johnny, what were the two natures in Christ?"

Johnny was silent.

"The two natures were," suggested the priest who was hearing the lesson, "man and—"

"Man and wife," replied Johnny.

In reciting his Bible lesson, Tommy stated that "Pharaoh called in the Michigans (magicians) to change rods into serpents before Moses and Aaron."

"How many stations are there, Mary?"

"Three—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

"Paul, can you tell us what the Epistles are?"

"The Epistles," answered Paul, "are the wives of the Apostles."

"Noah preached pennants," wrote the little lad who had baseball on his mind.

A Wireless Telegraph

The wireless telegraph called prayer
Needs neither ether, space, nor air
O'er which to speed fear's quivering waves
From us who need, to Him Who saves;
Through vacuums of forgetfulness
Race forth the flashing messages;
No medium is too dense or hard;
Flesh, distance, time, in vain retard;

Prayer needs two instruments alone—
God, heart, and tuned therewith, thine own;
These signal stations in accord,
Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord
Through hills, o'er plains, beneath the sea—
For love's the electricity!
Who loveth, though the meanest clod,
Can telegraph each day to God.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

For the Tiny Tots

Little Alright

To be sure that was not his real name but it was a very appropriate name nevertheless. Little Sister called him, "My Joe," and the rest of the family thought this sounded very clever so he was called by both names, but not very often by his real name. He was the dearest little fellow, too, with golden hair and pink cheeks. The very nicest thing about him was his willingness to help every one who asked a favor of him. "Bring me the hammer," said papa. No matter what the little lad was doing he would say, "All right," and up he would quickly jump and in a few minutes the errand was done.

"Sonny, I wish I had a little water in the pail, it is empty."

"All right," said the little worker. Down went the toys and the water was pumped in almost less time than it takes to tell about it. And thus it was the whole day long. He was never heard to object when asked to help. He never said, "What for?" and "Why?" or "I don't want to," and every one loved him for his sweet willing ways. How much nicer it is to be always thoughtful of others than to complain and grumble like some small persons do who become tired very easily when requested to help their parents. If you are not a "Little Alright," now is a good time to begin.

Mamma's Story

"I wish you would tell a story about me," said Joe one day.

"Didn't you like that story about the rabbit hunter and the wood-carrier?" asked mamma.

"Oh, yes but I want one about me all alone without Bob in it," said Joe.

"All right, here goes," said mamma. "Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was Joe. He was five years old. He liked candy and peanuts and apples and oranges and bananas and ice cream. He liked his papa, too. No, he loved his papa. And he loved him so much that when he was three and could not talk plain he said, 'When I dit bid man, I'm doin' to be a papa.' But one day Joe was bad and his papa spanked him. And then Joe said, 'When—I—dit bid man—I—ain't—a—doin'—to—be—a—papa—I'm doin' to be a tarpenter.'"

When Joe was five he went fishing. He lived right near a pretty creek with ever so many fishes in it. And one morning he fished and fished and fished and what do you think? He brought his mamma twelve nice little suckers for dinner!

The next day he went fishing again but the fishes did not bite so well and he soon became tired. He left his pole fastened on the bank with the hook in the water and went away. After awhile he was sent to call his papa to dinner. He thought he would look at his hook and line because maybe a fish might be on it. Oh! Oh! Oh! what do you think he had caught? One of his Auntie's red hens had tried to swallow the bait and Joe had to call papa to help him get the hook out of her mouth. "Old hens ought to know that they can't swallow little boy's fish-hooks, hadn't they papa?" said Joe.

Abbey Chronicle

MAY 24. Father Sylvester, or Tikadishni—Never-comes-home—as the Indians call him, one of our Indian missionaries on the prairies of Dakota, has arrived for the ordination of his brother, Edward Eisenman. An elder brother, Rev. Omer Eisenman, is likewise here. Father Sylvester is laboring among the Crow Creek, and Lower Brule, Indians. After attending the First Mass of his brother, Father Sylvester will spend some days with his brethren at the Abbey before returning to his children on the western prairies.

MAY 25. Among the priests that attended the ordinations this morning, were the following from the city of Indianapolis: Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Fathers George Smith, Marino Priori, Raymond Noll, Alphonse Smith, Albert Busald, Maurice O'Connor, Elmer Ritter, Clement Kempf, Joseph Kempf, George Sebastian, Pierce Dixon; from Vincennes: Meinrad Fleischmann, James Gregoire, Raymond Mellen; from Evansville: Frederick Ketter, Pierre Brisse, Henry Dugan; from other places in the diocese: Joseph Bauer of Mt. Vernon, M. H. Bogeman of Bloomington, John Scheefers of Troy, N. J. Forve of Haubstadt, F. H. Sondermann of Yorkville, P. P. Blenel of Newburg, O. C. Bosler of Prescott, Wm. Kreis of Lawrenceburg, Edward Bauer of Obertsville, A. J. Feller of Frenchtown, George Schenk of Evans Landing, Omer Eisenman of Leopold, Chas. Riebenthaler of Tell City, Paul Deery of Bedford, Chas. Walsh of New Albany, Albert Wicke of Corydon, Aloysius Duffy of Terre Haute, Theodore Vollmer of St. Joseph's in Vanderburg Co. The diocese of Louisville was represented by the Very Rev. Joseph Hogarty, Fathers Francis O'Connor, T. O. Durbin, John Dudine, Henry Pieper, Albert Thompson. From the diocese of Fort Wayne came John Dapp, Frederick Rothermel, William Rachor, Jacob Nickels. Besides the foregoing there were the Rev. John H. Bruns of Carlyle, Ill., Aloysius Weisenberger of Pittsburg, Pa., and Paul Jacob of Covington, Ky. The following Benedictines were also present: Sylvester Ei-

senman of Stephan, S. D., Lawrence Riebenthaler of Ferdinand, Chrysostom Coons of Dale, Andrew Bauer of Mariah Hill. Nearly all of the above are alumni of our Seminary. Among the alumni represented by the laity were Albert Rumbach, editor of the *Jasper Herald*, Jasper, Ind., Frederick Gettelfinger, Frenchtown, Ind., Edward Meinerding, Petersburg, Ind., Martin McManus, Indianapolis, Ind., Paul Durbin, Evansville.

MAY 29. Owing to the many First Masses on the morrow there is quite an exodus of priests of the community.

JUNE 1. Our June devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, consisting of Rosary, Litany, and Benediction, are held in the Abbey Church each evening at 7 o'clock. The students of the seminary have their devotions in the Sodality Chapel at a convenient hour.

JUNE 2. Great preparations are making for tomorrow's feast of Corpus Christi. The young people of the parish, as well as the seminarians and the clerics of the Abbey, are all busy gathering flowers, winding wreaths, raising arches, and hanging decorations.

JUNE 3. To our great regret a drizzle prevents a procession out of doors for which all hands made such elaborate preparations. The procession was held within the church.

JUNE 5. The Rt. Rev. Abbot, accompanied by Fathers Dominic, Benedict, Augustine, Anselm, and Cyril, departs for Owensboro, Ky., to celebrate a Pontifical High Mass on the occasion of the golden jubilee of St. Joseph's Church, of which Father Eugene Spiess, O. S. B., is pastor. Father Martin, O. S. B., and Father Eberhard, O. S. B., besides several secular priests, will also take part in the solemnities. Fred Graf and Leo Dux, of the Preparatory Seminary, will serve.

JUNE 6. Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi. The procession with the Blessed Sacrament, which could not take place on Thursday, was held on the grounds today.

JUNE 8. The junior members of the choir spent the afternoon out in the country drinking "yankee doodle beer," as one of our German friends calls lemonade, eating ice cream and cake, and having a good time generally.

JUNE 9. Fathers Prior and Isidore go to Ferdinand to attend the silver sacerdotal jubilee of Father Francis Schoepfner, O. S. B.

JUNE 10. While the dew is still on the grass Father Sylvester shakes the dust of Indiana off from the soles of his shoes and hies him away to his dusky children of the western plains.

JUNE 10. The philosophers-to-be of the coming year were hosts this afternoon at a spread given on the "college green" to their professors and fellow students.

JUNE 14. K. K. Knecht, cartoonist of the *Evansville Courier*, made us a brief call today. Mr. Knecht promises to return in the fall and give us a chalk talk.

JUNE 16. Vincent Lensing, College '15-'17, has come for a visit with his brother William, of First Philosophy, and other friends.

JUNE 17. While on his way to Mound City, Ill., to attend the First Mass of Father Walter Mulrone, Rev. Linus Fricker, '13-'18, a subdeacon from St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., stopped off to spend a day.

JUNE 18. Father Gregory Kehres, O. S. B., of New Subiaco Abbey, in Arkansas, is our guest. Father Gregory is on his way east to attend the convention of the Benedictine Educational Association which meets at St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., during the first week of July.—St. Meinrad will be represented at the convention by Father Dominic.

JUNE 18. All heard the gong at 4 o'clock this morning and despite the earliness of the hour there were no laggards. It was the dawn of vacation "don't you know?" At 5 a. m. the automobiles and trucks, like to an "inundation of camels," were darting hither and

thither and flitting about like fireflies, and "honking" vociferously. After gulping down a few mouthfuls of breakfast—nobody was hungry anyway—with a swallow or two of coffee, to wash it down, big and little, with "grip" in hand, "beat a hasty retreat" for the machines that were to convey them to the station, or to take them all the way to "home, sweet home."—The pleasant quiet of vacation has settled upon our woodland home. Even the birds are twittering and chattering merrily on bush and tree.—A number of the professors have also departed to do parish work during the summer.—Father Edward left early with a truck loaded partly with human freight for Richmond. He will go via Vincennes, Terre Haute, and Indianapolis. On the return trip he intends to come by way of Chicago to bring along some much needed machinery for our printshop. These days freight moves very slowly, if at all. For this reason the truck was resorted to as one possibility of overcoming the difficulty.

JUNE 19. Rev. Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., of Cleveland, O., has arrived to conduct the retreat which opens tomorrow for the professors of Jasper College and for such of the community as were unable to make the retreat in February.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Enslinger, accompanied by relatives, came early in June to visit F. Lambert, O.S.B.

—Ludwig Tuger, '15-'18, was ordained at Kenrick Seminary on June 13 and offered up his First Mass on the 20th at Starkenburg, Mo.

—Rev. Geo. Pauliukas, '10-'15, was ordained on May 25 at Brooklyn, where he offered up his First Holy Mass on June 6 in the Church of the Annunciation.

—Simes, the photographer, was here at the time of the ordinations to perpetuate persons and places. A number of scenes and groups were secreted in the camera's interior, but unfortunately the proofs have not yet reached us.

—The oral examinations took place on June 12, 14, and 16 in the Theological Seminary. In the Preparatory Seminary the 15, 16, and 17 were devoted to the same purpose. The most of the written examinations occurred at an earlier date.

—Among those who received minor orders from the hands of the venerable Cardinal Gibbons, we see the name of Oscar L. Pool, who spent some years at our seminary. On the same occasion the diaconate was conferred on two other alumni—Francis R. Cotton and Felix N. Pitt.

—On June 17 the two last mentioned alumni were elevated to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., D. D., at the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C. Father Cotton celebrated his First Mass at Bardstown, Ky., on June 22, while Father Pitt celebrated two days later in the neighboring parish of Fairfield.

—A report has reached us that the Rev. Joseph Ignatius Klein, '83-'93, was found dead in bed on the morning of June 5, at Waco, Texas, in the diocese of Galveston. Death is said to have been due to a cerebral hemorrhage. Father Klein, who was ordained by the late Bishop Chatard on Dec. 23, 1893, celebrated his First Mass on Christmas at North Vernon, Ind. The body was brought to North Vernon for interment. R. I. P.

—Rev. Clement Beckmeyer, Seminary '90-'93, was with us during the third week of June on retreat in preparation for the silver jubilee of his ordination which took place on June 20. Father Beckmeyer is pastor of a congregation of 200 families at St. Marys, Ohio, a city that boasts of being on the world's largest artificial lake, a body of water that covers 17,500 acres, ten miles long by three miles wide.—Father Bernard Beckmeyer, Seminary '95-'96, a brother of Father Clement, is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Dayton, O., with a congregation of 800 families.

First Masses

The following is a list of First Masses that were celebrated by those of our alumni who were ordained in the Abbey Church on May 25.

On May Thirtieth

Rev. Placidus Kempf, O. S. B., at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville. Rev. F. Martin, O. S. B., assistant priest; Rev. Jos. G. Kempf, a brother of the celebrant, deacon; Rev. Jos. G. Triple, subdeacon; Rev. Michael P. Seter and Rev. Wm. Bastnagel, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Meinrad Hoffman, O. S. B., at St. John's Church, Vincennes. Rev. Meinrad Fleischmann, assistant priest; Rev. Stephan Thuis, O. S. B., deacon; Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., subdeacon; Mr. Raymond Marchino, cousin of the celebrant, master of ceremonies; Rev. Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Maurus Ohligschläger, O. S. B., at St. Brigid's Church, Louisville, Ky. Rev. Richard Mattingly, O. S. B., assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Aemilian Elpers, O. S. B., deacon; Rev. Anselm Spitzer, O. S. B., subdeacon; Rev. H. Jansen, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Edgar O'Connor, at Sts. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Indianapolis. Rev. Frank O'Connor, uncle of the celebrant, assistant priest; Rev. James J. Maloney, deacon; Rev. Pierce E. Dixon, subdeacon; Rev. Elmer J. Ritter and Rev. Maurice O'Connor, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Alphonse J. Smith, D. D., preached. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., with Rev. Raymond Mellen and Rev. Francis Mellen as deacons of honor, and Rev. Victor J. Brucker as arch-deacon, assisted at the throne.

Rev. Leo F. Creeden, at St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis. Rev. John O'Connell, assistant priest; Rev. Bernard P. Sheridan, deacon; Rev. George Sebastian, subdeacon; Rev. Charles Walsh, master of ceremonies; Rev. Michael W. Lyons preached.

Rev. Urban Sonderman, at Jasper, Ind. Rev. William Kreis, assistant priest; Rev. Frank Sonderman, deacon; Rev. Joseph Sermersheim, subdeacon; Rev. Basil Heusler, O. S. B., and Rev. Roman Roeper, O. S. B., masters of ceremonies; Rev. Odilo Witt, O. S. B., preached. Fathers F. Sonderman, W. Kreis, and J. Sermersheim, are relatives of the celebrant.

Rev. Herbert F. Winterhalter, at Bedford, Ind. Rev. M. H. Bogeman, assistant priest; Rev. Jos. G. Lannert, deacon and preacher; Rev. P. A. Deery, subdeacon; Rev. W. P. Garrity, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Herman J. Kasper, at St. Benedict's Church, Terre Haute. Rev. John Kohl, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Aloysius Duffy, deacon; Rev. John Murtaugh, subdeacon; Rev. F. Stephen, O. M. C., master of ceremonies.

Rev. John Raguckas (Rodutsky), at St. Anne's Church, Terre Haute. Rev. John Ryves, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Aloysius Duffy, deacon; Rev. John Murtaugh, subdeacon; Mr. Ladislaus Raguckas, brother of the celebrant, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Francis B. Diekhoff, at Columbus, Ind. Rev. Timothy Bailey, assistant priest; Rev. Chas. F. Girardot, deacon; Rev. Geo. Paul Jacob, subdeacon; Rev. James B. Delaney, master of ceremonies and preacher.

Rev. Edward Eisenman, at Loogootee, Ind. Rev. F. Ketter, assistant priest; Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., deacon, and Rev. Omer Eisenman, both brothers of the celebrant, subdeacon; Rev. Louis Becher, master of ceremonies; Rev. A. H. Busald preached.

Rev. Thomas I. Mattingly, at Loogootee. Rev. Jos. Gerdon, assistant priest; Rev. F. G. Walker, deacon; Rev. Louis Becher, subdeacon; Rev. Theodore Mattingly preached.

Rev. Winfrid Sullivan, at Holy Rosary Church,

Pittsburgh, Pa. Rev. D. J. Malady, assistant priest; Rev. C. M. Hegerich, deacon; Rev. J. B. Beane, subdeacon; Mr. Ambrose Sullivan, brother of the celebrant, master of ceremonies; Rev. J. L. McMullen preached.

Rev. Nicholas A. Gaul, at Earling, Iowa. Rev. Jos. Steiger, assistant priest; Rev. Cyril Gaul, O. S. B., cousin of the celebrant, deacon and preacher; Rev. Stephen Schappler, O. S. B., subdeacon.

Rev. Frederick A. Reinwand, at St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind. Rev. L. A. Moench, assistant priest; Rev. Nicholas Huemmer, deacon; Rev. Bartholomew Besinger, C. P. S., subdeacon; Rev. Joseph Suelzer, master of ceremonies; Rev. Thomas Shaefer, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Edward Bockhold, at St. Mark's Church, Perry County, Ind. Rev. N. J. Forve, assistant priest; Rev. Charles Riebethaler, deacon; Rev. Mathias Weiland, subdeacon and preacher; Rev. Charles Kabey, master of ceremonies.

Rev. John Vagedes, in the Chapel of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.

On June 1 and 6

Rev. Joseph J. Rives, at Lebanon, Ky., on June 1. Very Rev. Jos. Hogarty, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Eberhard Olinger, O. S. B., deacon; Very Rev. J. A. Mackin, O. P., Prior of St. Rose, subdeacon; Rev. Jos. Willett, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Joseph D. Gettelfinger, at Frenchtown, Ind., on June 1. Rev. E. J. Feller, assistant priest; Rev. G. H. Moss, deacon; Rev. P. P. Bleuel, subdeacon; Rev. Nicholas J. Forve, master of ceremonies; Rev. John Haskamp, preached.

Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., at St. Francis Xavier Church, Vincennes, on June 6. Rev. James Gregoire, assistant priest; Rev. Stephen Thuis, O. S. B., deacon; Rev. Meinrad Hoffman, O. S. B., subdeacon; Rev. Raymond Mellen, master of ceremonies; Rev. Columban Thuis, O. S. B., preached.

Book Review

MISSIONARY MASS HYMNS is the title of a pamphlet that contains a number of hymns with music to be sung at Mass. The collection, which bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Chicago, is published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. Price 15¢ per copy; six or more copies, 10¢ per copy; postage prepaid.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA—in two volumes. Volume one, A. D. 1–1517. 343 pages. By Nicholas A. Weber, S. M., S. T. D. Washington, D. C. The Catholic Education Press.

This is a reliable and truthful history of the Christian Era. The birth of Christ is the pivot of human history around which turns the wheel of time. A history that fails to make Christ the one great personage, to whom past ages looked forward and the present age looks back, cannot explain the abbreviation *A. D.* (*Anno Domini*) 1920. Weber's *A General History* gives Christ and His Church the first place as scarcely any other history has heretofore done. The work is intended as a textbook for our Catholic High Schools and Colleges, from which it deserves a grateful welcome. Not only in the school desk, but in every library, Catholic, private, and public, should a copy of this excellent work be found, that the true and only philosophic explanation of the events from the year 1 A. D. may be sought. A very excellent feature of the work is the clear outline, divisions, and subdivisions, in which the contents and text are divided. The second volume of *A General History of the Christian Era, 1517 to 19—*, is in course of preparation. The present book is Vol. V. of "The Catholic University Series."

L. E.

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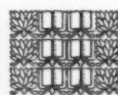
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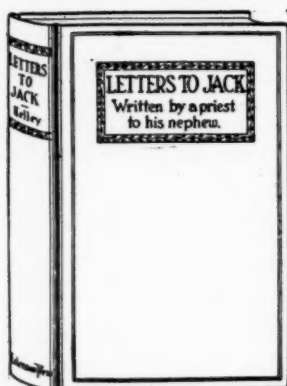
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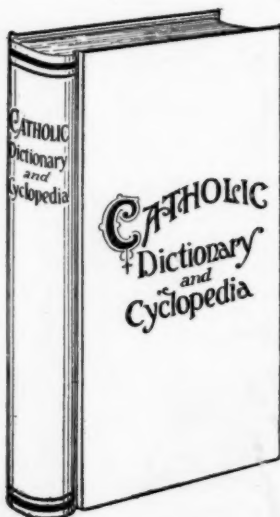
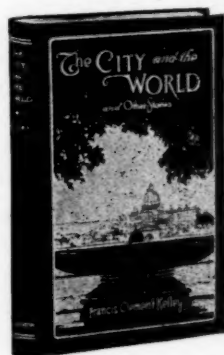
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